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Contents

AGRICULTURE 20
EDUCATION 29
FASHIONS 26
FINANCE AND INDUSTRY 36
FOREIGN COMMENT 3
LETTERS AND ART 22
OFF-SIDE 33
PARADE 9
PRESS 32
RELIGION 28
SCIENCE AND MEDICINE 17
SCREEN 21
SOCIAL SCIENCE 16
SPORTS 34
THE SPICE OF LIFE 40
TOPICS IN BRIEF 15
TOPICS OF THE DAY 10
WHEELS 20

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Mail

Branch Banking

By ROBERT BAILEY—

Congratulations on the intelligent handling in your May 29 issue of the branch-unit bank squabble and of A. P. Giannini's effort to extend branches of his Bank of America throughout the Twelfth Federal Reserve District.

Irrespective of whether the McAdoo Bill (to permit branch banking within a Federal Reserve District) passes, unit banking definitely is on the way out; extension of branch banking soon will sound the death-knell of our dual system of banking. As matters stand, small unit banks are finding it harder than ever to stay in business, what with present low interest-rates, government lending to farmers and the big decline in commercial loans. Outlets for unit-bank funds have been circumscribed to lending on mortgages, investing in government bonds and (in some cases) financing of instalment sales.

Branch banking, on the other hand, permits strong banks to spread through whole areas and provide even the smallest community with sufficient banking facilities. The only argument against branch banking is the fear of mismanagement at the central office, but what with present government restrictions, this seems a remote possibility. Chicago.

Major Angas's Boom

By CUSTOMER'S MAN—

May I point out a vital error in your article on Major Angas and his stock market prophecies? From your account, an uninformed

(Continued on page 39)

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The Literary Digest
NEW YORK JUNE 12, 1937

Foreign Comment

SPAIN, ARMAGEDDON'S ARENA NO. 1?

Liberalism and Fascism Use Peninsula for Their Chess-Board

Fog and a mountain-top—two things harmless in themselves—combined last week to deal a new blow to the Spanish Rebels.

For months, Gen. Emilio Mola, Commander-in-Chief of Insurgent Generalissimo Francisco Franco's Northern Army, had been raking Basque cities with his bombers, machine-guns and field-artillery. His Moors and Foreign Legionnaires crept slowly, but mercilessly, down the Northwestern Provinces of Spain, driving the Basques back to their last redoubts centering around Bilbao, their Capital.

Guernica, their most sacred city, he reduced to ruins with the aid of his crack German bombers. Proudly, he had marched into Irun and Sebastian, promising he soon would "blast the Basque Capital to bits."

But General Mola, once Madrid's dread National Director of Police and hero of the Northern Insurgents since the civil war flamed last July, was unable to keep his promise.

He died in a fog-blinded air-plane against a mountain not far from Burgos, which he helped establish as the Capital of Insurgent Spain last year.

Division—Less than three hours after General Mola's mangled body was found, General Franco split his late chief lieutenant's job into two commands. He found no other man able to fill the gap.

"May God have mercy on his soul!"

Thus, the beleaguered Basques forbore from waxing vindictive when they heard of the death of their arch-enemy.

Then, encouraged, they drove furiously against their assailants and captured Lemona, eight miles southeast of Bilbao Their "iron ring" of defenses around Bilbao not only held the enemy at bay, but seemed, at least, to slow down the eight-week Insurgent drive against their Capital

While Loyalists and Rebels still held each other at bay on the Basque, Madrid and southern fronts, Spain's fate was being thrashed out in secret discussions among European Powers.

No Muddle—Britain's efforts to prevent the war from spreading to the rest of Europe met with unexpected success. *Il Duce*, apparently speaking for Hitler, consented to London's major proposals for safeguarding the international patrol in Spanish waters.

Both Berlin and Rome agreed with London that, first, Insurgents and Loyalists alike solemnly should pledge the safety of the four-Power patrols; and, second, that the patrolling ships be limited to specified ports. At London's proposal that the four Powers consult one another before taking reprisals in case of attack, both *Il Duce* and Hitler balked.

The Fascist-Nazi Powers shrewdly "observed" that their patrols should be allowed to defend themselves in case they were attacked—a diplomatic loophole the British confidently ignored.

Last Sunday *Führer* Hitler told 150,000 Bavarian Nazis that "the German Nation does not want to start a war, either to-day, to-morrow or the day after to-morrow."

Shrieks—"I read in the foreign newspapers," he shouted, "that the bombing of Almeria damaged our reputation.

"I want to say this: People associating with notorious criminals are not qualified to be judges of our reputation.

"There is only one effective means against the Jewish Bolshevist clique—to hit back when they attack."

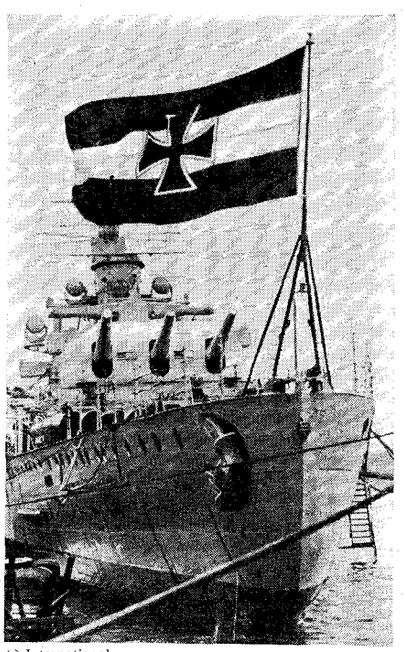
But world opinion was curious, as students of European diplomacy disclosed the motives which led the "Fascist Powers" to aline against the British-French-Russian bloc. They unearthed a skein of tangled motives crying for solution on the soil of war-torn Spain.

Stakes—The stakes and special interests in this conflict which has shaken the Iberian Peninsula for nearly a year are widespread and almost endless. A few:

Ex-King Alfonso and Family

To regain the Throne, its power, privileges and the wealth they have sunk in Franco's cause.

"I renounce no single one of my rights. . . . I am King of all the Spaniards," said Alfonso XIII, fleeing from Spain on the night of April 14, 1931.



© International

Germany's Deutschland suffered injuries and so did the Loyalists' port of Almeria

Never abdicating, scurrying from capital to capital, he missed no opportunity to repair the torn fabric of his power, to regain and maintain contact with Spanish monarchists.

Said his outspoken seventy-three-year-old Aunt Eulalie last April in Paris:

"Two years before last July (that is, in 1934) General Franco told Alfonso and all the other monarchists that he would take Madrid in a *coup d'état* lasting not more than two weeks. Every one (the Royal Family) gave until it hurt. Alfonso gave $10,000,000 . . . is scurrying about now trying to dig up more money for Franco. . . ."

Italy

To make Europe safer for Fascism, to create a Fascist neighbor and ally, to block the formation of a possible Socialist or Communist neighboring State strengthening France and Russia possibly sealing the ultimate doom of Fascist dictators, to plant herself in the Balearic Isles in a position of strategic mastery over France and Britain, to complete the mastery of the Mediterranean as an Italian lake, are Italy's aims.

To this end, revealed in a document seized from Spanish monarchists and now at Geneva before the League of Nations, *Il Duce* plotted as long ago as 1934.

Signed by Alfonsist leader Don Antonio Giocoechea and by Traditionalist monarchists Don Rafael Olozaval and Don Lizarzo, the scrawl is a record of a conference with *Il Duce* and Gen. Italo Balbo in Rome on March 31, 1934.

To the three dons, after hearing their statement of the "aspirations and status of the Army, the Navy and the two monarchist parties," Mussolini declared:

"First, that he was disposed to give the necessary assistance and means . . . in the task of overthrowing it (the Republican Government) and replacing it with a regency which would prepare a complete restoration of the monarchy. This declaration he repeated solemnly three times.

"Second, that as . . . proof of his intention he was disposed to contribute immediately 25,000 rifles, 20,000 hand-grenades, 200 machine-guns, 1,500,000 pesetas in cash.

"Third, that such aid is only preliminary . . . will be followed opportunely with more and still greater assistance . . . as circumstances render it necessary. . . ."

Sinews—That the promise of "still greater assistance" was made good is clear from Fascist Party Secretary Roberto Farinacci's statement at Bologna that 73,000 Italians were in Spain, equipped with tanks, planes and artillery. Later figures number the "still greater assistance" at 80,000 men.

To balance accounts, in April, 1935, the Confederation of Industrial Employers, formed with *Il Duce's* sanction, negotiated with Gil Robles, then Franco's immediate superior as Minister of War, an accord for deliveries of iron ore, copper ore, silver,

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phosphates and lead, all desperately needed in Italy, easier to pay for with men than with cash.

Germany

Germany desires Fascism in Spain to bolster her own State, to block the spread of Communism, to weaken Russia, to complete a ring of hostile Powers encircling France.

Economically, Germany starves for lignite from Aragon (distillable into gasoline), copper from Huelva Province, iron from Morocco, the Basque Provinces and from Asturia.

Strategically, she pants for a foothold in the Riff opposite Gibraltar, for naval and submarine bases on the North African coast.

In anticipation of the Franco revolt, Frankfort bankers in April, 1935, formed the Banking and Industrial Corporation for obtaining Spanish raw materials, enlisted in the consortium of raw-material consumers Krupp-Rheinmetall, Siemans-Halske and the I. G. Farbenindustrie (chemical trust).

To chart details of exchanges of goods for men and munitions, Antonio Primo de Rivera (son of the late dictator) and Gen. José Sanjurjo, first "President" of the Insurgent Government (killed in a plane-crash three days after the revolt began), spent weeks in Berlin with General Faupel, now at General Franco's headquarters as head of the German forces in Spain and as Hitler's envoy to Franco.

Of men, Germany is believed to have shipped between 12,000 and 15,000, few of whom have been engaged in battle. Of technicians and aviators she has sent a few hundred who have been used to the utmost.

In exchange, until Franco's victory, if any, Germany is to receive the raw materials ordered by the Banking and Industrial Corporation, provided Franco's men can capture the mines.

France

Panic-stricken at the prospect of a third hostile Fascist neighbor, rendering her position hopeless in case of general war, panic-stricken also at the vision of a too-friendly Communist neighbor whose caresses may strangle her, France yearns for an ocean between herself and Spain.

Every liberal instinct inherited through her own long struggle against absolute monarchy and two empires (old name for dictatorships) causes France to pull for a Valencia victory.

Every Frenchman's deeply ingrained hunger for private property causes France to fear it.

Conservatives and middle classes fear a Red Spain with communism filtering through the passes of the Pyrenees almost as much as they fear a Fascist Spain snarling at them from the south while Germany and Italy bark and growl from the east.

Desperately determined are all classes that the civil war's end must not leave Italy in the Balearic Isles athwart the line of communications over which France intends to draw 1,000,000 colonials in case of war. Desperately determined also are they that Germany shall have no foothold athwart those same communications in the Spanish Riff.

If forced to choose between two evils, France would choose a Red Spain, but hopes against hope for a liberal republican or, at the worst, a pink Spain. A last choice before a Fascist Spain would be one fragmented into independent Basque, Spanish and Catalan States.

From no possible outcome of the civil war can France see any possible gain over the situation of a year ago. From almost every possible outcome she sees a loss.

She dares not for a single second disagree with Britain about any detail of civil-war policy, clinging to Britain as a jittery housewife seeing bandit shadows in every corner clings to a London bobby on a foggy night.

Russia

Not for materials but to create the next Communist State, certain to be an ally, Russia intervened in the civil war.

Until the end of October she poured tanks, planes and munitions into Spain,

Eisenstaedt-Pix

The world conjectures on the next move of Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini in Spain's crisis

sent Marcel Rosenberg as envoy to supervise their use, was paid out of the $750,000,000 gold reserve seized by the Government at the war's beginning.

With the capture by the Insurgents of Malaga, strongest Communist city in Spain, Russian enthusiasm waned, Rosenberg disappeared and Russian aid dwindled.

Moscow, convinced that Loyalist forces were too divided in political creed to permit immediate sovietization of Spain, tapered intervention to a minimum.

Last week, ending its long quarrel with the Second (Socialist) International, the Third (Communist) International, meeting at Moscow, moved to resume active aid to the Valencia Government.

Britain

Beneficiary of normal annual commerce of $50,000,000 with Spain and heavy permanent investments in iron- and copper-mines, Britain pursues a policy so devious that her own statesmen scarcely can chart it.

Outbluffed, outwitted by Mussolini in the Ethiopian war, Britain realizes that another such disaster might be "the last muddle."

Her moneyed interests yearn, not very secretly, for a moderate Franco victory, fearing nationalization of their interests if Valencia wins. Valencia's ability to constitute and maintain a liberal, capitalist republic, British statesmen distrust profoundly.

But a Franco triumph resulting in a Fascist Spain with Germany and Italy as its rulers, or entrenched in the Balearic Isles and opposite Gibraltar in the Riff, Britain can not abide.

To a Fascist Spain, free from German or Italian domination, an unlikely contingency, Britain would be hospitable. With a restored monarchy, which she herself might steady on its throne, she would be enchanted.

Her practical desire is complete victory for nobody, Britain muddling through every faction's exhaustion to her own best interests.

Britain blows hot and cold. While striving through the non-intervention committee, through naval bluff and through the League to hamper and hobble Hitler and Mussolini in their efforts to throw victory to Franco, she encourages her satellite Portugal to give Franco every aid and comfort.

And also to placate her liberals and her masses, vociferously anti-Franco, she brings Basque children to England as a refuge from Franco's bombs.

Through Portugal, she aids Franco to explode more bombs, a course which few Britons and scarcely any one else can understand.

Portugal

By virtue of a five-century-old treaty naming Britain her "protector in war and peace," Portugal, since before the discovery of America, has been a dependency of Great Britain, in all but outward label.

So sharply contrasted to Britain's wabblings, Portugal's unlimited support of Franco has suggested a rift in Lisbon-London harmony, but this uncertainty was scotched when, to the Portuguese President, Gen. Antonio Oscar de Fragoso Carmona, at a Coronation banquet, Ambassador Sir Charles Winfield declared:

"The friendship of five centuries . . . was never more intimate and sincere than at present." Clinched was the new certainty in the President's reply:

"Portugal and England have seen eye to eye on all important questions, always and forever."

Smaller European Powers

With the exception of Hungary and Bulgaria, Europe's smaller Powers fear, before all else, any outcome which will strengthen Germany and Italy and they therefore hope for Franco's defeat.

To the prospect of a weak Red Spain, farther from most of the small Powers than is great Red Russia, they are indifferent.

Most of all, the small Powers fear another World War, in which, experience demonstrates, small Powers are pawns.

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United States

For many American liberals, the bombing of unfortified Almeria presaged a European conflagration which might leap the Atlantic to set the United States afire.

"An act of war has been committed," Sen. William E. Borah proclaimed, demanding the application of neutrality laws against all participants. The law, already in effect against both sides in Spain's conflict, gives the President power to ban arms shipments to nations between which a state of war exists, to prohibit any financial relations and to forbid American travelers to sail on their ships.

Both President Roosevelt and Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, hesitated to invoke the law which one critic damned as a "toothless, legalistic hag." Instead, Mr. Hull took the extreme step of summoning Dr. Hans H. Dieckhoff, the Reich's new Ambassador, to a secret conference.

To the German, and to Spanish Ambassador Fernando de los Rios, who called, as usual, at the State Department, Mr. Hull voiced the Government's hope that their two countries might find a peaceful exit from the *impasse*.

He refused to take further action, despite violent agitation in Congress, where Sen. Gerald P. Nye campaigned for his resolution which would make all arms exports illegal, war or no war, except in case of a struggle between an American Power and some European or Asiatic country.

"Keep out! Keep out! Keep out!" was the burden of the American cry.

Latin America

With the exception of Mexico, wholly on the side of the Valencia Government, Latin America, largely dictator-dominated, sides sentimentally with Franco's Spain, would welcome either Fascism or a restored monarchy.

Tho only a second-rate Power, monarchist Spain was the focus of nearly all South American interest in Europe, the population following trivial Spanish happenings with feverish gusto. Broken with the coming of the Spanish Republic was the tradition Latin America knew and understood.

Only Mexico, already far to the Left politically, viewed the break with pleasure. Only Mexico yearns for Valencia's victory now.

Liberals Everywhere

In a Franco victory, liberals see the certainty of an early general war. In a war they see the probable eclipse, for generations, of democracy, see a Europe bristling with guns and echoing to the marching feet of conscripted children, youths, middle-aged; a Europe of stifled press, speech, thought, a population of militarized *coolies* marched to and fro by an oligarchy of boots and spurs.

To the prospect of a Fascist Europe most liberals prefer to take their chances with a possibly sovietized Spain, with the risk of a Communist Continent thereafter.

Delighted by neither choice, revolted by the brutality of the civil war, they wish, rather than hope, for a Valencia victory, followed by a liberal republican Spain, would accept with resignation any outcome not a Franco triumph.

Midnight Oil—Thus are pictured the hopes and fears of the rest of the world as Loyalists and Rebels continue to pile up a staggering death-toll on land, in the air and on the sea.

Throughout the chancelleries of Europe, statesmen are working day and night to keep the Spanish trouble "localized" and prevent another World War.

Such efforts recall 1914. Then, too, diplomats put in long hours striving to make an Archduke's murder a "localized" dispute between Austria-Hungary and Serbia. Franz Ferdinand of Austria and his Duchess were assassinated on June 28 of that year. During the month that followed, while the bereaved Hapsburg Empire asked satisfaction from the Serbs and the Russians pleaded their inability to desert their brother Slavs, the conversations went on in whispers.

Austrian Cabinet Ministers met secretly in a hotel-room and arrived on foot or by private motor lest their official cars betray their presence. President Raymond Poincaré of France made a gala visit to St. Petersburg and Wilhelm II of Germany cruised peacefully in northern waters. The Kaiser and the Czar exchanged the affectionate telegrams called the "Willy-Nicky" correspondence after their cousinly signatures.

The murder story and the threat of war had long faded from the front pages on that fateful Saturday—July 25—when Austria broke off diplomatic relations with Belgrade and both countries mobilized. The week-end found Britain so untroubled that Foreign Minister Sir Edward Grey was studying birds in a country garden and, at the shore, Winston S. Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, was building toy dams with his children as the tide ran out.

Slow-Up—Within the week "Nicky" ordered general mobilization, Germany declared war on Russia and all Europe could not dam the bursting flood.

Now the latest war-scare has paled for a moment.

Yet, like every crisis which the Powers have met during the "Little World War," last week's events undermined the international situation with more dynamite than ever. One of the greatest dangers of a future explosion lay in *Il Duce's* decision to neglect the duties—and restrictions—of international patrol in the Mediterranean.

Instead, his war-ships, subject only to his orders, will continue to halt vessels carrying arms and ammunition to Loyalist ports. "The fact that Italy and Germany have withdrawn does not mean Red ships are free to come and go as they like," an Italian spokesman announced.

"That would be too easy." And if some munitions-laden freighter flying the Hammer and Sickle refuses to obey Italy's entirely illegal command to halt and shots are fired, what then?

Robert Capa from Black Star

War-ridden Spain still shakes beneath the thunder of charging troops

HER GRACE: Baltimore Belle Becomes Bride, But Not Royal Highness, of Windsor

Because the simple, shabby vicar of a poor man's church in northern England consulted his conscience rather than his bishop, the Duke of Windsor gained one victory over his enemies on his wedding-day. Of all the prelates and clergymen of the Anglican Church, only the Rev. R. Anderson Jardine of Darlington, County Durham, dared to volunteer his services for the religious rites the Primate of All England had banned, and crossed the Channel for the first time in his life to marry his former King.

In the sun-flooded library of the Château of Cande, Charles Mercier, doctor-Mayor of Monts, first performed the compulsory French civil ceremony. Wallis Warfield, for whom Edward VIII renounced the world's most powerful Throne, was letter-perfect in the French version of

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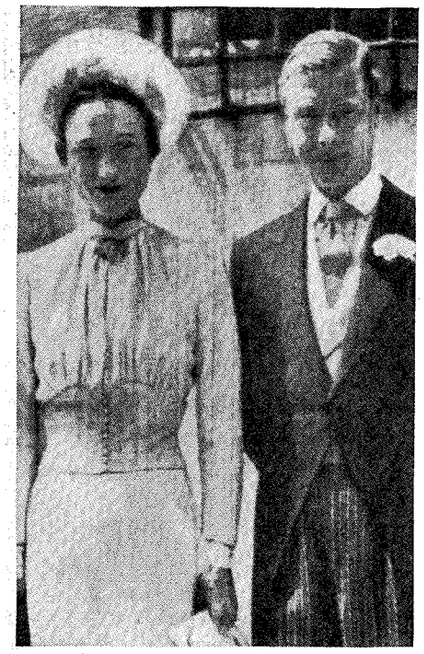

Pictures Inc.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor: "We now look forward to a happy and useful private life"

a ceremony she had graced twice before, once in an Episcopal church in Baltimore and again in a London registry office.

Tradition—For her third marriage she clung to a classic superstition: Something old was a bit of lace on her lingerie; something new was her diamond and sapphire bracelet, the Duke's gift; something borrowed was a handkerchief Aunt Bessie (Mrs. D. Buchanan Merryman of Washington, D. C., who frequently dried her eyes during the marriage) managed to spare; and something blue was the off-periwinkle, ankle-length afternoon gown Mainbocher had designed.

Guests waited in the music-room for the Church of England ceremony. "Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Duke of Windsor," the clergyman intoned the beautiful words resonantly, "wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony; wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

The Duke's "I will!" rang so loudly that it startled several guests. The bride's promise to obey, husky with emotion, was scarcely audible. As he slipped the wedding-ring of ruddy Welsh gold on his bride's finger, Edward's hands trembled.

Choice—Throughout the day, toasting the bride, cutting the three-foot cake, posing for photographs and receiving reporters not admitted to the ceremony, the radiant Duke showed no regrets for the historic choice he made last December.

In the afternoon, he issued a public notice of thanks for gifts and messages—2,000 telegrams arrived that day—and added: "After the trying time we have been through, we now look forward to a happy and useful private life and to that measure of peace we hope will be granted to us." Another statement assured the press that he always would be prepared to give out any important news about the Duchess and himself. At the same time, the couple appealed for the "consideration and privacy which they feel now is their due."

As if in response to their plea, they left the castle that night without the usual carloads of reporters in pursuit. Yet the Orient Express, which sped them toward their Austrian honeymoon, carried its full quota of press observers. At Wasserleonburg Castle, on a pine-dark slope in the Carinthians, they began their married life.

Home?—Their permanent abode remained a mystery. Persistent rumors insisted that Britain, where Her Grace the Duchess does not share His Royal Highness's precedence, is closed to them. Throughout the Empire, too, they might find no official welcome.

According to one report, the Government brought the strongest pressure to prevent their moving to the United States, because of the attendant "ruinous publicity." Another rumor held that authorities hoped to relegate them to the comparative obscurity of Central Europe and Argentina, whose trade the former First Salesman wangled for Britain.

How officials could further control the Duke, after shooting what seemed final darts in dropping him from the Civil List, banning royal and friendly guests at the wedding, prohibiting a religious ceremony and denying the Duchess her full title, was not made clear.

Meanwhile, the popular and Liberal press in London swung to the Duke's support. But the august *Times* squeezed its report of the wedding into less than a column and ran no pictures.

The King and Queen, and Queen Mary, kept no public engagements on that day, which also was the birthday of the late King George.

Soft Pedal—With hushed discretion, the Government informed newspapers which backed it during the abdication crisis "that further mention of attacks upon the Vicar by other clergymen may act as a boomerang and tend to create sympathy for the exiled Duke."

But the round-shouldered Vicar, unknown outside of his Yorkshire working-class district, defied England's church hierarchy when he returned to his pulpit for the routine Sunday service.

Mild-mannered, proud of his nickname of "the poor man's parson," he said:

"I believe that I have saved the Government and the Church of this country from inevitable regrets in the years to come.

"They would not authorize a religious ceremony for His Royal Highness and it is sure that they certainly will regret their action.

"Through my simple action the faith of many has been restored in God and the Church."

No Fears—The parson was as unapprehensive of punishment from his ecclesiastical superiors even the day before when he married a Derbyshire coach-painter, using the same red prayer-book from which he read the marriage ritual at Monts last Thursday.

Presenting to the bride a piece of the ducal wedding-cake, he said:

"You have received the same service, word for word, that I performed for His Royal Highness and the Duchess."

The Government's "forget-the-Duke" policy, however, took actual form last week when the British film industry decided not to exhibit pictures of the wedding. The action was taken when Englishmen in motion-picture houses demonstrated loudly in favor of the Duke.

Little concerned with all this fuss, the Windsors enjoyed complete honeymoon privacy in their Wasserleonburg Castle atop the Dobratsch Mountains.

RIFT IN EDEN: War-Torn Paraguay, South America's "Garden," Just Escapes Civil Strife

Two years ago, Paraguay—landlocked "Garden of South America"—emerged from long and bloody struggle to add 100,000 square miles of the rich Chaco Boreal territory to its domain.

It was a Pyrrhic victory, for Paraguay was drained of its man-power and economic life-blood to finance the three-year war. Its Bolivian adversaries, tho less fortunate in war, proved better able to stand the equally heavy financial strain.

More than sixty years before, Paraguay had gone through another five-year conflict against the united forces of Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina to safeguard its nationhood. Its man-power sapped, Paraguay became a land of women, who numbered twelve to each man.

And, last week, their claims over the rich alluvial land of the Chaco still undetermined by the Neutral Peace Commission, Paraguayans narrowly escaped another internecine conflict, engineered by the ousted Republican (Colorado) Party to overthrow the "provisional" Government.

History—Last year Col. Rafael Franco, hero of the Chaco War, headed a revolt against the Government of President Eusebio Ayala, whom he overthrew with the aid of his 40,000 National Front volunteers, Chaco veterans. Ayala escaped and Franco hastily had himself made Provisional President, declaring Paraguay America's first totalitarian State.

To entrench his dictatorship, Colonel Franco banned, for one year, all activities by political groups "not emanating from the Revolution" he headed. He suffered only the National Independent Party, which had backed him, and the National Revolutionary Party, which he formed after its Mexican prototype, to exist.

At one swoop he exiled the leaders of the balky Liberal Party, mostly to Argentina. The Republican Party's heads were deported wholesale or imprisoned.

Last week's attempted revolt gave President Franco a much-needed excuse to continue indefinitely the ban against the opposition parties which, he asserted, constantly were plotting to wreck his Revolutionary Government.

His grip on the country's 834,268 *mestizos*, Indians and Spanish whites, more than one-eighth of whom live in Asuncion (the Capital), is tightened by the wildfire growth of the Revolutionary Party, which maintains a committee in every town and village. Meanwhile, his Party leaders are completing his constitutional reforms whereby they hope to win the long-delayed election of a new President, almost certainly Franco himself.

Program—Like Col. David Toro, Bolivian Chaco War hero, Colonel Franco based his power on his popularity among the unemployed veterans, whom he promised to employ in public works. To achieve this he set up a price-fixing board, which

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also supervised the nation's production, soon after he came into power.

To exploit his followers' patriotism, Colonel Franco cunningly made the foreign "interests" the butt of his frequent manifestos and threatened to establish State monopolies and expropriate private business. At the same time, he tried to court skilled immigrants and draw foreign capital to bolster up business.

But his economic program, smacking of a socialistic dictatorship, was calculated not only to enlist veterans' support, but also the votes of once landless Indians, who still speak *Guarani*, language of Paraguay's extinct aborigines. Colonel Franco thunders against absentee landlordism as one of the country's greatest economic evils and promises to increase the 669 miles of railroad and highways by levying graduated taxes on the big landowners.

Last October, he took a long step toward alleviating unemployment by decreeing compulsory labor for all able-bodied men between eighteen and fifty who are not in Army service. Mustered under the Ministry of Agriculture's supervision, these men must bear identification cards and labor on the plantations or build roads and public works to advance his economic program of regimenting the country's industry.

Six months before, Colonel Franco had decreed a project for distributing 4,000,000 acres of land, in lots ranging from twenty to 200 acres, among the peasants, who are allowed fifteen years to pay for them. These beneficiaries, however, are forbidden to speculate on their new land, or to rent or sell it. The landowners are indemnified with public bonds, for the law enabled the Government to expropriate large undeveloped tracts of land.

SILVER BULLETS: Chiang Buys "Asia's Eden," Long Misgoverned by Greedy War-Lord

For two weeks before last Christmas, Chinese hinterland war-lords went without sleep, trying, in the greatest gamble of their precarious lives, to guess which way the cat would jump, and beat it to the leap.

With Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek "detained" (polite for kidnaped) by "Young Marshal" Chang Hsueh-liang, no one knew whether the prisoner, or some one else, would be No. 1 Chinaman in 1937.

Red glowed China's telegraph wires as war-lords round-robined one another with "circular" messages hinting, suggesting, vowing, no one could be certain what. At first, all messages resounded with loyalty to the imprisoned dictator; then, as he seemed to be in genuine trouble, tapered off to sneers, innuendos, proposals that some one else might make a better Generalissimo.

On Christmas, in far-away Szechwan, as big as Texas, as populous as New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin rolled together, one war-lord spoke out of turn.

His information meager because of the isolation of his realm, greedy, unmodern Gen. Liu Hsiang rapped out a resounding declaration of loyalty to the rebels. Tactical blunder, for that very day the rebels recanted, renewing vows of fidelity to the Generalissimo.

Liu's error of timing sealed his doom.

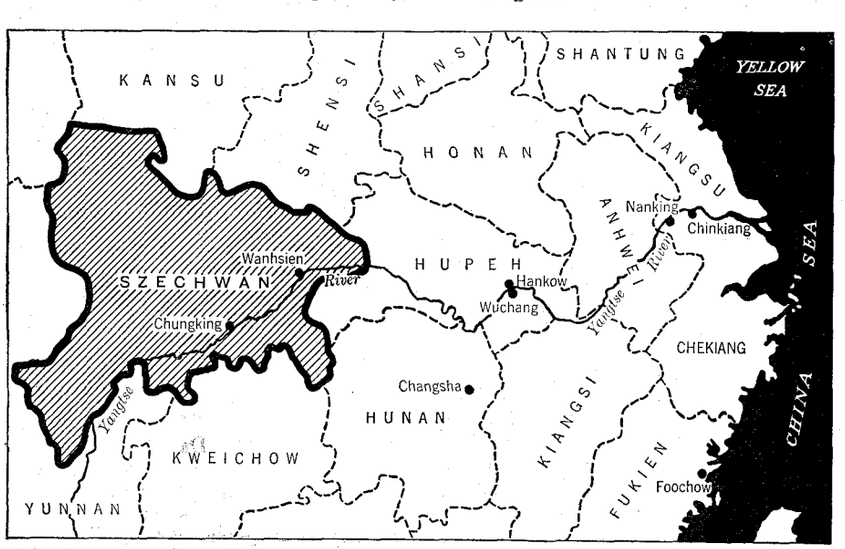
Paradise—Years of grandiose misgovernment, wild extravagance, incredibly savage looting of a Province whose natural riches earn it the name of "Asia's Eden," already had put the general in a hole.

For his pride, his unwieldy army of 300 regiments (300 armed rabbles describes them more accurately) had sucked the Province dry.

Giving the population no services or security in return, he had collected *Alice in Plunderland* taxes, and for half a century in advance—could collect no more.

To pay for his military (and social) extravagances, he had forced his population to raise opium, tho opium culture is prohibited. Forcing them to plant it, even allotting the acreage, he fined them for breaking the law, taxed the number of poppy-plants, taxed the harvest, taxed the shipments as they left the Province—paid experts to think up more taxes when these were spent.

Minor luxury, a habit of chartering round-trip planes to bring cargoes of wild women from Canton, began to loom as a major budget item when last year's rich harvest gave temporary respite. To grain speculators, General Liu extended credit, based only on his personal power, enabling them to buy up the crop, ship it out of the Province for higher prices, sharing with him the gains.



China's richest Province (shaded) now included in domains of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek

Pictures Inc.

Gen. Liu Hsiang's "error of timing" brought his ruthless career to an end

Had luck not deserted him, Liu might have pulled through; but no sooner was the harvest out than drought settled on the land. Famine emptied the villages, brought thousands of hollow-eyed skeletons stalking into walled Chungking, his Capital, there to stare, moan and wilt against the houses, dying, a hundred every day.

Succor—Soil cracking open, trees barren of leaves, soldiers hungry, population starving, money gone, General Liu emitted humiliated howls for help to Nanking, where Generalissimo Chiang was waiting, cat-like.

Chiang's terms:

From 300 regiments, Liu's personal army is to be reduced to a small-time general's eight, these to be paid and officered, not by General Liu, but by Chiang Kai-shek. Bound to Chiang both by cash and discipline, they will serve, not to defend their technical commander, but to keep him where Chiang can find him.

Highways and railways (the latter barely emerging from their blue-prints) must be turned over to Nanking (meaning Chiang Kai-shek).

Nanking's orders for the suppression of opium-growing must be obeyed, cutting off General Liu's best source of income.

Liu's grab-every-thing-you-see-and-extort-what-is-hidden tax system is to be junked for one relatively rational.

Chiang Kai-shek's own troops are to garrison Chungking, the Capital; Wanhsien, the next largest city; Kweichow and the gorges of the Yangtse River—difficult but still most practicable gateway to the Province.

Weapon—Liu's practise of collecting two import duties, at Wanhsien and Chungking, on imports that already have paid one import duty at the seacoast, is to end.

Thus, with silver bullets, his favorite weapon, Generalissimo Chiang has won China's biggest, richest Province that had evaded his control since he climbed to power a decade ago. Whatever the change, it can not fail to be an improvement.

One fly in the ointment: Szechwan's

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population does not speak the language of the Generalissimo's garrisons, already taking their stations; and many have been shot for not obeying orders they did not understand.

With Liu Hsiang's collapse and the establishment of governmental sanity and security, eager native and foreign capital is expected to flow in to exploit coal, copper, even gold; and to create real, not paper, railways and highways.

Meanwhile, E. J. Baker, of the China International Famine Relief Commission, says that 35,000,000 persons soon will be in urgent need of famine relief.

FACE-CARD: Japan's Elders Play Trump, Making Prince Premier to Oust Army Chief

To shrill clamor for his resignation by the newly elected Lower House—all but sixty-six out of 466 against him—Japan's brass-hat Army Premier, Gen. Senjuro Hayashi, replied by twirling his sweeping mustache and vowing he never would yield.

But to discreet head-shakings and mutterings of the twenty-six aged statesmen *emeritus* of the Emperor's Privy Council assembled at the Palace in formal European attire, the pamphleteering* Premier bowed obsequiously out of office and forgot all about his defiance.

Such is the weight of venerability, mature wisdom and personal prestige these sages bring to bear that the hardest-boiled soldier could not resist. A few words in undertones, a few understanding glances, a grave nod or two, a whispered breath and a Cabinet is broken, its legislation vetoed, its treaties canceled, its place in history blown out like a candle.

Bosses—Last February, the ruling "Big Three" of the Army, only body in recent years to oppose the Council's will, had snooted their choice of a Premier and stuffed the sixty-one-year-old Hayashi down their throats—a shocking performance in Japan, where veneration for age, rank, past achievement and nearness to the Emperor is a fetish.

The thumping defeat administered in the elections was the nation's answer.

"You appealed to the people. They defeated you as no Cabinet has ever been defeated. What now?" was all the old gentlemen of the Privy Council had to say.

So thoroughly learned was the lesson that this time, in less than four hours—shortest Army delay in history—the "Big Three" approved the choice of Prince Fumimaro Konoe as Hayashi's successor and named one of themselves, Gen Sugiyama, to continue with him as War Minister the collaboration they had given to the ousted Hayashi.

Descendant of a family serving as "guards" to many of Japan's Emperors, President of the House of Peers since 1933, President of the Radio Corporation of Japan and of the Society for International Cultural Relations, the forty-five-year-old new Premier also is a prince and "pet" protégé of Japan's revered and sole surviving Elder Statesman, eighty-eight-year-old Prince Kimmochi Saionji.

With the immense prestige of his ancestry, his rank, his office and of his backers to strengthen him, but short on age (which counts heavily in Japan), Prince Konoe is the first recent Premier to come into office with the Army leaders' teeth drawn and the Army itself little disturbed by internal intrigue. Odds that his Premiership will last are long.

*General Hayashi used to flood the country with brochures to the tune of "War is the father of creation . . . the mother of culture."

Soibelman Syndicate

Premier Konoe . . . "dictatorship not necessary"

Since Prince Saionji took him to the Paris Peace Conference in 1918, Prince Konoe has been in training for his job as Premier. Regarded by most as a high trump to be played only in a moment of desperate crisis, it is his luck to come into office as the crisis—the headiness of the Army—seems over.

Twice before the Premiership was offered to him in times of crisis—once at forty-one, when, in 1932, Premier Ki Inukai was murdered; again, after the attempted assassination of Premier Okada in February, 1936. Both offers he declined.

Still the second youngest Premier Japan has ever had, Prince Konoe upset precedent last week by calling all the men he wanted in his Cabinet by telephone instead of following the traditional practise of holding a long, formal interview with each.

Comebacks—Back to the Foreign Office which he occupied as Premier from February of last year until January of this, when Parliament hooted his Cabinet out of office as "the most unpopular in thirty years," comes grinning, likable Koki Hirota, long-time close friend of the new Premier.

Back to the Cabinet, tho to the Home Ministry, came Eiichi Baba, President of the Japan Mortgage Bank and, under Hirota, Finance Minister. Of all Prince Konoe's appointments his alone inspired criticism, caused, in fact, a near panic in Japan's "Wall Street," where fear that Baba would be head of a projected planning commission and, as such, economic dictator, broke stocks from one to seven points.

Adm. Mitsumasa Yonai remains as Minister of the Navy.

To gain the support of the political parties, excluded entirely from the last Cabinet, Prince Konoe named one leader from the Seiyukai and one from the Minseito Party to less important ministries.

The powerful bureaucracy was placated with five appointments.

Cautious, conciliatory, practical, Prince Konoe opposes fascism or dictatorship by any one party, group, or by the Army, as "not necessary."

FOREIGN FLASHES

Clermont-Ferrand, France—Shouting demands to be sent to the French Guiana penal colony (from which escape is easy, tho the going later is difficult) rather than be forced to serve their sentences in French mainland penitentiaries, convicts here rioted, wrecked furniture, injured six of their guards, subsided only when Mobile Guards and local policemen had been summoned. The French Guiana colony, which includes Devil's Island, gradually is being abolished.

* * *

Athens—A school for sponge-fishermen established at Hydra Island by the Greek Government gives thirty-day courses with certificates entitling graduates to act as captains, superintendents or divers. Six-month licenses to fish at depths not beyond 108 feet cost 4,000 drachmas ($36) for a vessel. For $54 a sponge-ship may fish down to 150 feet. For still deeper fishing, the fee is $90.

* * *

Moscow—To make room for still bigger parades than already cross its vast expanse and as part of a ten-year plan of city improvement, the famous Red Square is to be enlarged. The recent May day demonstration, civil and military, required a full day to get through. To speed passage before the reviewing-stand, the rambling building opposite the Kremlin wall known as "Goom," a department store, is to be torn down. After the enlargement, Red Square will be the largest such plaza in any city.

* * *

Paris—Famine in the French protectorate of Morocco already has caused an estimated 200,000 deaths. Typhus has been reported from some towns crowded with desert refugees. Troops have been placed across caravan routes to stop wholesale migrations. Grain and sheep are being distributed where the troops are stationed.

* * *

London—As did the Bank of France seventeen years ago, the Bank of England is digging deep bomb- and siege-proof vaults in which to cache its gold in war-time. Twelve hundred Frenchmen built France's siege-vaults ninety feet down in an "underground lake," equipped them to keep the staff comfortable, tho isolated for eighty days. London's bank has 900 diggers. Plans are secret.

* * *

Manila—Their imaginations fired by a gold-stock boom that finds few parallels in modern mining history, Philippine investors are continuing to pour more than a million dollars a month new capital into the islands' spectacular gold-mine industry. Heading to the Philippines in increasing numbers are job-hunting American engineers and American manufacturers with mining equipment to sell. Some capital from America has been privately subscribed. Valued at $3,000,000 in 1929, the Philippines's gold topped $21,000,000 last year.

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Parade

Strong praise for the New Deal was voiced by **Josephus Daniels**, American Ambassador to Mexico. "The doctrine of *laissez-faire* is on the scrap-heap," he declared. "People properly look to the Government to touch life at every point necessary for the public weal. There is a duty laid upon public administration to find a way for education, employment, regulation of working conditions, safeguarding public health, providing pensions for the aged and such other reforms as will abolish the poorhouse and the slums and insure a fair distribution of the profits of labor and capital."

* * *

Superstitious Britons tossed uneasily in their beds last week as the result of some shockers thrown out by **Dr. H. Spencer Jones**, British Astronomer Royal. Doctor Jones remarked at a scientific meeting that Big Ben had been off in its time for

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"Eh, La bas!" bellows Representative Mouton of Louisiana in an effort to outdo his rival

five days, that the first three months of the year were the wettest ever recorded in London, that atmospheric pollution at Greenwich was increasing. Then he tossed a new bomb at the nervous by declaring that the moon was moving off its calculated position. Such a flurry resulted that the scientist had to have his telephone disconnected.

Other astronomers said, however, that there was no need for alarm—that the moon hadn't sideslipped or "taken the bit between its teeth and bolted"; that the present system of mathematics simply wasn't sufficiently accurate to calculate its position in advance.

* * *

A little-known member of the John D. Rockefeller family, **Mrs. Margaret Strong de Cuevas** (a granddaughter), will inherit an estate of $25,000,000 in trust, according to a codicil in the late oil-king's will which was filed for probate last week. Federal and New York State taxes on the estate will be upward of $15,000,000.

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Sir Harry Lauder would make a picture without pay if he could appear with Shirley Temple

One of the colorful events of midsummer in Washington will be the "Great American Holler" contest between Rep. **Otha D. Wearin**, Democrat, of Iowa and Rep. **Bob Mouton**, Democrat, of Louisiana. Issue of the battle will be to decide which is more attractive, the Iowa hog-call or the Louisiana bayou-bellow. Wearin's cry will be "Sooie!" (the way they call hogs in Iowa). Mouton's shout will be, "Eh, *La bas!*" Judged by impartial colleagues from New England and the Far West, the struggle will be a point-match: three for volume, two for musical tone and one for perfection of delivery.

* * *

At the ninety-second commencement of Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, **Charles Earle Funk**, lexicographer and one of the Editors of Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature. Mr. Funk is a nephew of the late Dr. Isaac Kauffman Funk, founder of the Dictionary. Before he was twenty-one, Doctor Funk received his degree from Wittenberg College and once said: "I wish it understood that I consider the Standard Dictionary to be the product of Wittenberg College." Charles Earle Funk is a native of Springfield.

* * *

Fitness, not sex, should be the basis for selecting Supreme Court Justices, **Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt** declared in Washington. "If there is a woman who is outstandingly fitted, and she is chosen as an individual, not as a woman, I should be delighted to see a woman on the Supreme Court," the President's wife said. "I think Supreme Court appointments should be based on fitness to serve on the Supreme Court, not on other considerations such as sex."

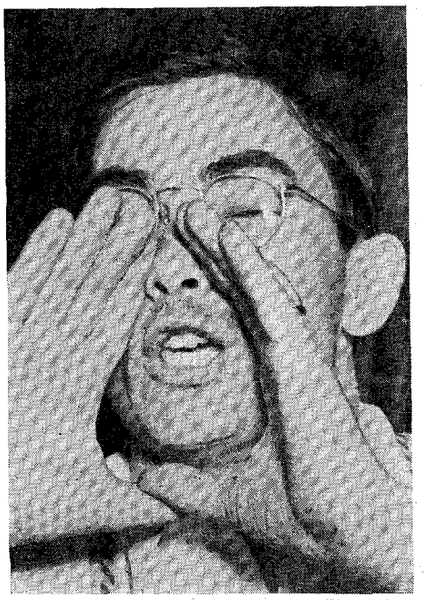
* * *

"I don't think it's good practise to tear a partly written sheet out of a typewriter," declared **Sinclair Lewis**, Nobel-prize author. "It's a sign of bad temper. When you write, you are your own master. A display of temper means you are quarreling with yourself—quarreling with your master. It isn't good to do that."

Sir Harry Lauder, Scottish comedian, flirted with Hollywood film offers, turned them down. While in the film center he is said to have told Shirley Temple he would make a picture, without pay, if he could appear with her. In New York, the Scot was told about the match game by Jack Bleeck, proprietor of the Artists' & Writers' Restaurant. "I know that game," Sir Harry chortled, "only we call it 'flip the coin.'" To demonstrate his prowess, he won two straight rounds but refused to accept the award—a wee dram. Sir Harry preferred water.

* * *

"Every time Hollywood stars step outside their homes they are besieged by mobs of autograph-seekers," said **Rupert Hughes**, author, in defense of movieland morals. "How could a star be anything but virtuous under conditions like that? They just don't have a chance to sin a little, even if they wanted to. Statistics show, too, that Hollywood's divorces are no greater than those in any other city of its size."



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"Sooie!" yells Representative Wearin of Iowa, training for "Great American Holler" contest

Something regal in court-room procedure was provided the other day when **Princess Olga Troubetskoy**, forty-one, appeared in court to deny a felonious assault charge. She sat demurely in the New York court-room until Magistrate Michael A. Ford dismissed the charge. She then lifted her veil, thumbed her nose at the court-room and swept out.

* * *

Seldom has political sculduggery provoked such violence in balmy Florida as recently when the Miami *Herald* Oompah election took place. Police were called out behind the car-barns where the boys were electing their favorite comic-sheet character as **Chief Oompah** for 1937. Disappointed devotees of *Jiggs, Tillie the Toiler, Dagwood, Chief Wahoo, Mickey Mouse, Tarzan, Tim Tyler, Barney Google* and others roared when *Popeye* won out. It was particularly humiliating to the supporters of *Jiggs*, who were charged with having passed much money at a corned beef and cabbage dinner to assure the success of their candidate.

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"CAREER-MEN," WPA FRANKENSTEIN?

Plucked From Relief-Rolls, "Boondogglers" Form $4 Army

"All things pass and soon become a tale," said Marcus Aurelius, Roman Emperor, tho pagan philosopher.

But Marcus Aurelius, dying in the second century, naturally knew nothing about the work-relief problem that was to harass Franklin Delano Roosevelt nearly 1,800 years later.

Seven years after beginning of the Great Depression, American business men, bankers, industrialists and ordinary income taxpayers seek a dependable indication of the ephemeral character of Relief.

Indeed, only last week, Lt. Col. Brehon B. Somervell, Works Progress Administrator of the City of New York, reported that he had discerned definite aspiration among some relief-workers to become "career-men" in WPA. If the Diplomatic Service can sustain "career-men," why not WPA? seemed to be the sense of the question asked by these workers.

Unsympathetic—But Colonel Somervell offered scant encouragement to those who entertained such views: He threatened to put them back on home relief with half their present pay.

"Some people who have not stirred since they got their first work-relief job under the Civil Works Administration of 1933 may find it less comfortable on home-relief, with half their present monthly allowance," he declared in his blast against "career-men."

He realized, he said, that such men comprise only a small minority, that most WPA workers are eager to rid themselves of public aid and get back to private employment.

But there were others, he intimated, who had made no effort to find other jobs. He was at no pains to disguise what he at least intended doing with these latter: "We are determined," he told the New York *Times*, "to purge the lists of persons whose inability to find employment is attributable to lack of ambition or temperamental instability."

Responses—"Colonel Somervell's idea is right," promptly asserted Brig. Gen. Hugh S. Johnson in a message to THE LITERARY DIGEST. "I wouldn't go so far as to say WPA workers actually seek a career on relief-rolls. Their persistency in remaining is more the inertia of hopelessness than designed indigence, but the anodyne of WPA is cumulative, and this suggested shift in dosage to prevent any habit-forming effect is good medicine."

But Willis R. Morgan, President of the Workers' Alliance of Greater New York, lost no time in delivering a dissenting opinion.

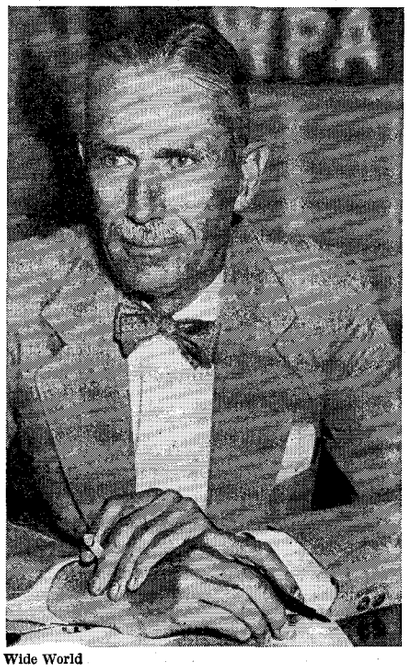
"Somervell's proposal," he stated in a telegram to THE DIGEST, "is a concoction designed to build up a public opinion which would support WPA dismissals. No WPA worker wants to remain on the rolls any longer than is necessary.

"If private industry would offer jobs paying more than the security wage, which averages $55 a month, the WPA could end in pretty short order.

"The issue is still human rights against property rights. All the unemployed should get WPA jobs until private industry absorbs them. Taxing the rich would pay for the jobs. . . . If officials were as ingenious in seeing that private industry absorbed the unemployed as they are in devising means of harassing them, the country would be better off."

Tough—All things considered, it was not a fortuitous week for WPA workers. Critics, in Congress and out, were in a querulous mood. Long Island farmers, for instance, threatened to bring in Dixie Negroes to harvest their crops this year because WPA had "taken all the farm-hands ($2 a day) and put them to work building sidewalks and doing other odd jobs in the villages" ($4 a day).

Joseph Walsh of Beth Page, President



Wide World

Colonel Somervell would sack WPA "career-men"

of the Farmers' and Gardeners' Association of Long Island, summed up the situation this way:

"At our meetings, the WPA and these other government administrations have been openly condemned by nearly every farmer on the island. They are giving men $4 a day to sit around and do nothing. Of course, by contrast, this work is a 'push-over' compared to dawn-to-dusk labor on a farm. I don't blame the men for grabbing up this easy money, but it certainly has left the farmers in a hole."

Useless—In Congress, House Republicans made a determined, but futile, attempt to cut down the $1,500,000,000 work-relief appropriation by earmarking portions of it for other purposes.

"Is it not the fundamental right of the Congress to say that we want to spend three hundred million of that billion and a half for good roads?" asked Rep. Bertrand Snell of New York, Minority Floor Leader, of Rep. Sam Rayburn of Texas, Majority Leader.

Mr. Rayburn: If this were a permanent thing, like appropriating for the departments of the Government, yes.

Mr. Snell: These things have become very nearly permanent at the present time.

Mr. Rayburn: I say to the gentleman that I trust that when we come back here next year, we will not have to pass a billion and a half bill.

Some observers interpreted Representative Rayburn's remark as a hopeful augury of fulfilment of President Roosevelt's declaration when he outlined the works program to Congress in January, 1935:

"The Federal Government must and shall quit this business of relief."

Schism—Debate on the bill in the House, however, revealed two schools of thought on the subject: One, exemplified by Representative Woodrum of Virginia, believes that returning prosperity has diminished the need of relief and that the time has come to economize; the other, headed by Representative Maverick of Texas, insists that wide-spread unemployment remains, that relief is here to stay.

From the beginning of the depression, the whole subject has been a vexing problem for nation, States and municipalities. At first, President Hoover simplified the matter for the Federal Government by insisting that relief was solely a State and local responsibility.

Thus, in 1930-'31, a mere $110,000,000 was all that *Uncle Sam* tossed in for public works. In 1932, when governmental aloofness no longer seemed feasible, the amount was increased to $1,500,000,000 for "self-liquidating" works and recoverable loans through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

Colossus—It was not until 1933 that taxpayers had cause to realize the magnitude of the task before them. Then, President Roosevelt signed the Federal Emergency Relief Act, starting $3,300,000,000 on its way to halt the depression. Later, in 1935, this sum was augmented by the $4,800,000,000 work-relief appropriation designed to kill the depression by providing jobs for 3,000,000 unemployed.

Results of this gigantic expenditure produced conflicting reactions. Permanent improvements, creation of farm-to-market roads, building of other highways, completion of necessary bridges, flood-control and other conservation work won universal approval. Other expenditures, however, caused a certain amount of mirth.

Levity—When it was learned that WPA was paying twenty healthy young men of Dubois, Pennsylvania, the handy sum of $8 a day to teach schoolchildren how to play marbles, a laugh went up from coast to coast. Similarly, when taxpayers discovered that more than $100,000 had been used to teach residents of Westchester County, New York, to play a better game of golf or tennis than their neighbors across the county line, there were few orchids for the spenders. "Boondoggling" was the word that reechoed through the Nation. Yet President Roosevelt kept his chin up, waved petty criticism aside.

Retort Humorous—"There is a grand word that is going around," said the President. "It is 'boondoggling.' It's a grand word. If we can boondoggle our way out of the depression, the word will be enshrined in the popular mind for years to come."

Now that the work-relief appropriation is down to $1,500,000,000, governmental administrators give scant heed to boondoggling activities. They are compelled to exercise the greatest circumspection to

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make ends meet and are worrying about the future. Latest figures show that 2,059,798 were on WPA pay-rolls on May 1.

Funds for the coming fiscal year will be something like $675,000,000 less than for the current year, may be reduced more in the Senate. This means about 500,000 men must be dropped from the rolls.

"Career-men" like others, will be face to face with a serious personal problem. *Uncle Sam*, while not getting out of the "relief business" entirely, has decreed that the "business" will not be what it once was.

Hopes—Most State WPA Administrators believe there is an even chance that the upturn in business will simplify their problems. Few report difficulties with idlers of the "career" type. Most declare workers are leaving the rolls for private employment in increasing numbers.

H. P. Drought, State Administrator for Texas, wires THE DIGEST that "on August 1, 1936, there were on WPA pay-rolls 148,500 workers. . . . Between that date and May 28, 1937, 74,995 left the rolls, most of them for private employment. In Texas, the average WPA worker does not consider his job a career."

Charles E. Miner, Illinois Administrator, says that the State Emergency Relief Commission, which certifies persons from relief-rolls, maintains a constant recheck of eligibility. "Nineteen thousand have been dropped by this review," he informed THE DIGEST. "Illinois WPA maintains constant check on project operations and cancels employment because of physical incapacity, inability to perform work and other reasons. Discharges from May 1 to 21 have totaled 3,500. During same period 8,200 have left our employ voluntarily, many returning to private employment."

William H. J. Ely, New Jersey Administrator, says the chief hindrance to getting men off work-relief rolls is fear of rejection by WPA at the end of temporary private employment. "A frequently quoted minority considers jobs permanent, but they are not representative of the whole personnel. I would recommend immediate reinstatement of any WPA worker leaving WPA for temporary private employment."

Mayor Edward J. Kelly of Chicago says that the wage for unskilled laborers in WPA is about $55 a month. "If WPA workers are making careers of relief-jobs, it necessarily follows that those workers feel $55 a month is social security. The workers with whom I came in contact desire a much higher wage. The 40,000 who have relinquished their jobs were obviously dissatisfied with $55 as a career-wage."

NO-MAN: Roosevelt Yet May Exceed Cleveland's Record as "Veto King"

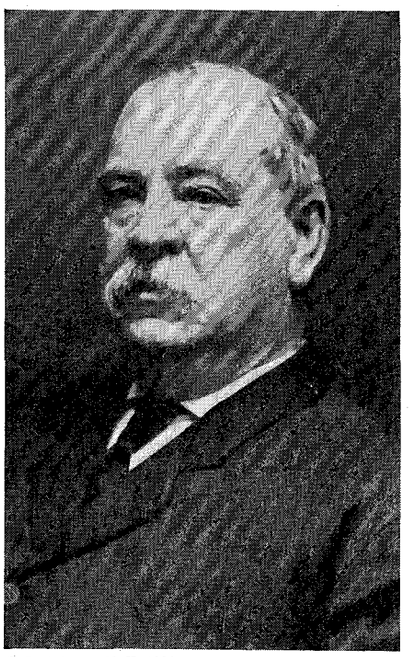
Historians may describe Franklin D. Roosevelt as the greatest no-man who ever lived in the White House.

Up to June, 1936, when the Seventy-fourth Congress adjourned, he had written a large NO on 221 bills. This year, he has vetoed three more. This total of 224 vetoes is second only to Grover Cleveland's 475. Those who recall the pride Roosevelt took as Governor of New York in having thrown more bills out the window than any of his predecessors—including Cleveland—are confident that he will have little trouble in setting a new White House record by 1940.

In at least one other respect, however, Cleveland has the cleaner record. During his two Presidential terms, his vetoes were overridden by Congress only twice. Roosevelt was overridden for the third time in four years last week when both Houses ignored his objections to extending World War veterans' insurance policies, repassed the bill by good-sized majorities.

Apoplexy—Periodically, on the heels of Presidential disapproval of an act of Congress, some particularly splenetic Senator or Representative bursts forth with the statement that the veto is "the exercise of royal prerogative by the incumbent of the White House to defeat the will of the people." It was sentiments such as this which caused a number of the Founding Fathers to get purple in the face when the veto power was discussed at the Constitutional Convention.

One bloc, mindful of the abandon with



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475 vetoes gave Grover Cleveland high score but F. D. Roosevelt is running a close second

which George III had vetoed laws of the Thirteen Colonies, held that the Legislature should have final and absolute powers. Under the old Articles of Confederation, they argued, there had been no executive veto. Indeed, that power in effect had been reserved for the States through a law providing that the assent of at least nine of the original thirteen was necessary before an important act could become law.

Another bloc held that the Executive should have the final authority over all bills passed by the Legislature. If he rejected a law, it should remain rejected for all time. If he accepted it, it should be the law of the land.

Adjustment—As it had done in other disputes, the convention ultimately compromised by giving the President the power to veto laws, Congress the right to override him by a two-thirds vote.

President Washington did not exercise his power until he had been in office for two years. On April 5, 1792, he returned H.R. 163, pertaining to the apportionment of Representatives, to the House with his objections and the signature "G. Washington." The House reconsidered the bill the next day, but failed to repass it.

Thomas Jefferson refused to veto a single bill during his eight years in the Presidency. In accordance with his belief that the people, through their elected representatives, should be the supreme power, he considered the veto a prerogative which only Kings should exercise.

By the time Andrew Jackson came into power in 1829, the veto had been used only nine times. But the precedent-setting "Old Hickory" had no intention of permitting a keen instrument of authority to get rusty. He tossed twelve bills back at the lawmakers.

He objected to the rechartering of the National Bank on the ground of unconstitutionality, altho the Supreme Court had upheld the original chartering act. To critical legislators who protested and who, in the privacy of Congressional cloakrooms, began referring to him as "King Andrew," he said firmly:

"The Congress, the Executive and the Court, must each for itself be guided by its own opinion of the Constitution. . . . The opinion of the judges has no more authority over Congress than the opinion of Congress has over the Judges, and on that point the President is independent of both."

Johnson—No President has used his veto authority with less effect than Andrew Johnson. Of twenty-one bills which he returned to the House and Senate, fifteen were repassed, most of them dealing with various phases of Reconstruction.

During the Grant Administration, Congress began passing private relief-bills benefiting individuals who had suffered from the War Between the States. He rejected twenty-nine of them, thus setting the precedent which enabled Grover Cleveland to become "Veto King."

By the time Cleveland entered the White House, the private-pension racket had reached such proportions that Congress was appropriating funds for the relief of widows of veterans who died in bed years after the War was over. One pension, for example, was for the widow of a veteran who had been accidentally shot and killed while on an owl-hunting expedition with a friend. The economy-minded Cleveland pounced on 263 such appropriations, sent them back to the legislative mill.

Other than Franklin Roosevelt, no recent President has come close to the record set by Cleveland. Taft, who called the veto "the only legislative function of the President," protested against thirty-nine bills, was overridden twice; Wilson vetoed forty-four, was overridden six times.

In Person—As the figures show, Presidents have had a hard time making vetoes stick, tho a two-thirds vote is required for overriding. When it appeared, two years ago, that Congress would repass the vetoed Patman Bill providing for the prepayment of the soldiers' bonus with inflationary money, President Roosevelt would not trust a droning clerk with the reading of his objections. He marched before Congress in person—as no President ever before had done—to present his case, and was upheld.

Of approximately 25,000 laws that Congress has attempted to enact since 1789,

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1,167 have been held up by the Chief Executive. At least one critic of the Roosevelt Court-enlargement bill has used these figures in defense of the judiciary.

Pointing out that only one-fifteenth as many laws had been declared invalid by the High Court as had been vetoed by the President, an officer of the National Grange asked the Senate Judiciary Committee recently:

"Why should the Supreme Court be accused of nullifying the action of the representatives of the people when it declares a law unconstitutional, while comparatively little is said about a Presidential veto, which is usually soon forgotten?"

COLD FURNACES: Girdler Would Rather Raise Spuds Than Deal with Lewis

"Before I spend my life dealing with John L. Lewis, I'm going to raise apples and potatoes."

Last week it began to look as if Tom M. Girdler, Chairman of the Republic Steel Corporation, soon would have to make good on the threat which he thus voiced before the American Iron and Steel Institute three years ago.

Some 75,000 workers in Republic and two other big independent steel companies, Inland and Youngstown Sheet & Tube, were beginning the second week of a bitter strike. Girdler and his fellow operators were sticking adamantly by their decision to sign no contract with John L. Lewis' Steel Workers' Organizing Committee. The S.W.O.C. was just as stubbornly determined to bend Girdler to its philosophy of industrial unionism.

Snub—"I have never seen Lewis except at a distance," said Republic's Chairman, "and I hope to God I never will see him."

Retorted the Chairman of the Committee for Industrial Organization:

"I don't believe any supergunman like Tom Girdler should be allowed to influence policies affecting labor in the United States."

For all the willingness of Ohio's Governor, Martin L. Davey, to mediate between S.W.O.C. leaders and the steelmasters, there did not appear to be any hope of settlement as last week closed. Every furnace in the Youngstown and Inland plants was cold.

With several thousand workers sticking to their jobs in its shops at Chicago, Buffalo, Canton, Niles and Warren, Ohio, Republic was in a somewhat better position. It claimed to be operating at 40 per cent. of its normal capacity.

Besieged by picket squadrons which prevented any one from entering or leaving, the non-striking steel-workers turned their rough quarters into a makeshift clubhouse. At night they sprawled out on cots amid barrels and packing-cases. They laundered their own shirts and pressed their own trousers. In unused parts of the plants there were recreation-rooms equipped with table-tennis tables, pianos and checker-boards.

Company officials denied that they were giving the loyal workers a bonus, but admitted that they were giving the men a special allowance of $1.50 a day for food—in addition to the regular mess.

Meals—Getting food to the men in the closely guarded plants at Niles and Warren was a ticklish problem. Republic maintained a "food-delivery" fleet of ten planes at Youngstown. Every day one of these would hop off from a "secret" landing-field with a shipment of bread, condensed milk, bacon, ham and vegetables, swoop down over the fenced enclosures beside the buildings and drop the supplies into the hands of hungry puddlers.

The fliers found it hazardous work, for very often there were snipers concealed in trees waiting to take pot-shots at the planes as they circled over the enclosures. Bullets crashing into its struts temporarily disabled at least one ship. Wrote Edward Angly in a dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune* one day:

"Reporters have spotted snipers armed with rifles in tree-tops and in swamps near both the Niles and Warren plants. . . . On a residential street in Warren this afternoon this correspondent passed two men in shirt sleeves. Each carried a formidable-looking rifle. Nobody said anything or tried to stop them."

Balked—Unable to depend entirely upon sniper-harassed air-planes to get food to the besieged workers, Republic officials also resorted to the mails to circumvent the picket-lines, but here, too, they encountered obstacles. Local post-offices, they charged, refused to make parcel-post deliveries of clothing, food and medicines addressed to individuals in the steel-plants. Indeed, S.W.O.C. officials were permitted to examine all packages and to clamp down a virtual censorship whenever they were so inclined.

To Postmaster General James A. Farley, Tom Girdler finally dispatched an indignant telegram:

"Local postmasters at Warren and Niles, Ohio, claiming to be acting on instructions from your First Assistant, have refused to accept staple food-products for delivery through the United States mails. . . . Sanctity of United States mails and authority of your Department being flagrantly flouted. I protest against this situation and request that you take steps to remedy it immediately. . . ."

By the week's end a new situation had intervened in Republic's war with the post-offices. Mayor Edward J. Kelly decided that the steel company was violating city "building and health ordinances" by housing loyal workers in its South Chicago mill.

"In view of this," concluded the Mayor in a letter to the Republic Corporation, "it is my duty . . . to advise you herewith that this violation of law must cease within forty-eight hours. Otherwise, the Police Department of the City of Chicago will be instructed to take such action as is necessary to bring compliance with the law. . . ."

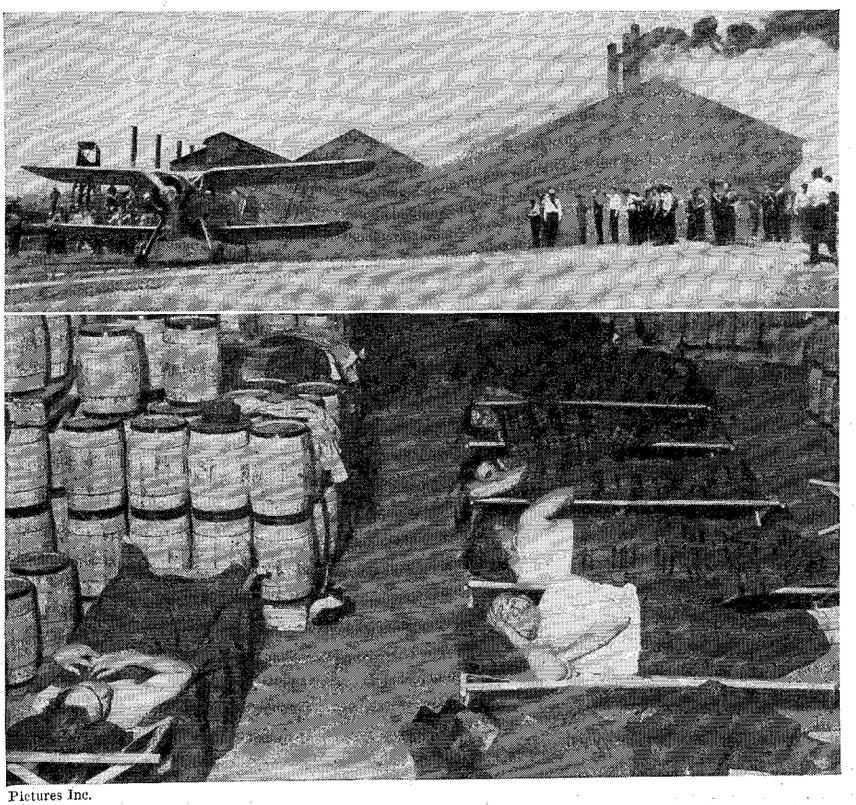
Throwback—Nearly every big industrial strike ultimately reaches the point where large blocs of workers, bored with the enforced idleness, organize a back-to-work movement. Thus, the General Motors sit-down in January was the genesis of the "Flint Alliance" which attempted to enter into a special rehiring agreement with William S. Knudsen.

In Youngstown, last week, the back-to-work movement began with the distribution of petitions demanding that those who wished to work be sent back to the plants "at the earliest date possible, provided that proper protection is guaranteed us. . . ."

In Youngstown's Dollar Savings Bank, Republic and Youngstown company unions opened offices and began to sign up recruits at an initiation fee of twenty-five cents a man. Outside the building, meanwhile, pickets strolled with signs reading:

YOU CAN NOT MAKE STEEL
IN THE
DOLLAR BANK BUILDING!
NO CONTRACT,
NO WORK.

Tho there were sporadic skirmishes in



Pictures Inc.

Non-strikers sleep among barrels and packing-cases . . . food reaches the loyal workers by air

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Daniel Webster Addresses the Moderns

From a speech in the Senate, March 12, 1838

Mr. President, such is the state of things actually existing in this country, of which I have now given you an example, and yet there are persons who constantly clamor against this state of things. They call it aristocracy; they excite the poor to make war upon the rich, while in truth they know not who are either rich or poor. They complain of oppression, speculation and the pernicious influence of accumulated wealth. They cry out loudly against all banks and corporations, all the means by which small capitals become united in order to produce important and beneficial results. They carry on a mad hostility against all established institutions. They would choke up the fountains of industry and dry all its streams. In a country of unbounded liberty, they clamor against oppression. In a country of perfect equality, they would move heaven and earth against privilege and monopoly. In a country where property is more equally divided than anywhere else, they rend the air with shouting of agrarian doctrines. In a country where the wages of labor are high beyond all parallel and where lands are cheap and the means of living reasonable, they would teach the laborer that he is but an oppressed slave.

Sir, what can such men want? What do they mean? They can mean nothing but disturbance and disorder, the diffusion of corrupt principles and the destruction of the moral sentiments and the moral habits of society. A licentiousness of feeling and action is sometimes produced by prosperity itself.

Men can not always resist the temptation to which they are exposed by the very abundance of the bounties of Providence and the very happiness of their condition, as the steed full at the pasture will sometimes throw himself against the enclosure, break away from its confinement and, feeling now freed of all needless restraint, betake himself to the moors and barrens where want ere long brings him to his senses and starvation and death close his career.

the strike-bound area, tho pickets carried baseball-bats and tho special deputies were sworn in daily for possible emergencies, there was no blood spilled as had been spilled the week before in the South Chicago battle between infuriated police and a roaring mob of strikers. Two more workers died last week of bullet wounds received in that imbroglio.

Rebels—While the C.I.O. was hog-tying the steel industry in Ohio and Illinois, there was evidence last week that the Lewis forces were having difficulty in consolidating the positions which they thus far have advanced upon. In two of the Chrysler factories at Detroit, members of the United Automobile Workers, a C.I.O. affiliate, dropped their tools and walked away from the assembly-line rather than work with non-union mechanics. In Packard's metal-stamping and finishing division, 150 workers launched a sit-down.

Tho the U.A.W. has an agreement with both companies stipulating that no strikes shall occur during the period the pact is in force, more than 10,000 workers suddenly saw their jobs fall from under them.

Rent Strike—In Pontiac, Michigan, meanwhile, the Lewis automobile union was attempting to extend its operations beyond the realm of labor-organizing and into the real-estate field. Three weeks ago, the U.A.W. local complained that Pontiac landlords were making an "unfair" increase in rents, advised its members and the rest of the 15,000 tenants in the community to withhold the monthly payments on June 1.

Hardly had the "rent strike" begun last week when it hit a judicial snag. A non-paying tenant who had refused to obey an eviction notice served by his landlord was haled into court, convicted of illegal possession and ordered to surrender a four-room apartment on which the rent had been raised from $11 to $12.50 a week.

For William Green and the rest of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor there was a distinctly dismal note in last week's labor news. One phase of the defensive war which the A.F.L. formally launched against the C.I.O. a fortnight ago was the expulsion from city central bodies and State federations of all C.I.O.-minded unions.

In New York City, forty-five locals, summarily ousted under this order, fell into the arms of the C.I.O., reducing by one-third the A.F.L. Manhattan strength.

WOODS & TREES: F.D.R. Labels Court Issue as Ashurst Hums Massa Into Cold Ground

President Roosevelt's Court-enlargement program, conceded to be almost dead by most political observers a fortnight ago, bounced into the news last week.

At a press conference, the President told reporters that he very definitely expected Congress to enact into law his ideas on the subject of judicial reorganization and that it was "just plain silly" to assume that he had abandoned the program. Whether or not six new Justices were added to the Supreme Court, he observed, was an unimportant detail in the larger pattern of "reform" of the courts.

By way of illustrating this point, the President declared that judicial reform was the "forest," the number of Justices that he might appoint to the High Court or the lower tribunals the "trees." He and the country at large saw the forest, he said, whereas reporters and Members of Congress took notice only of the trees.

Citation—As an example of the need for reform, he cited the Supreme Court's adjournment for the summer and the carrying over until next fall of important cases involving the right of the Public Works Administration to make loans to municipalities for the extension of electric power-lines, the TVA program and the rights and duties of the Securities and Exchange Commission.

When reporters asked the President if he would accept a compromise bill empowering him to appoint two new Justices, he twitted them for talking about "trees," but no one doubted that he had told his old friend Joe Robinson, Senate Majority Leader, during the course of a long chat they had one night last week, to work out some kind of agreement with the Opposition bloc in the Senate.

Spokesmen—Said the Nebraskan, Edward R. Burke, spear-head of the Opposition:

"We'd be the laughing-stock of the country if we should be so unwise as to consent to adding even two new Justices to the Court after we've licked the six-Justice increase."

Henry F. Ashurst, who as Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee has maintained magnificent aplomb throughout the five months of bickering over the Court-enlargement program, made a characteristic light-hearted remark which probably was the most pertinent observation of the week on the Administration's judicial reform measure. He made no direct comment, but hummed softly within ear-shot of reporters:

"Massa's in the cold, cold ground."

DO-RE-MI COPS: Police Glee-Club at Kansas City Is No "Sissy" Choir

"We're a virile glee-club, not a choir."

Afraid that they might be called sissies for taking their *do-re-mi's* seriously, the singing policemen of Kansas City are holding their own, hoping for new members. Police Director Otto P. Higgins, former newspaper man, is proud of his fifteen warblers, thinks they will help "sell the Department to the public."

The whole force numbers 640. And the Director, always alert for newfangled ideas, believes more of these will dust off their vocal cords as soon as the glee-club appears before a convention or two.

Inspiration—The idea was conceived by the Director while he was attending the National Safety Convention in Washington last summer. A patrolmen's glee-club from an Eastern city entertained the meeting.

Full of enthusiasm, Director Higgins went home to organize such a venture. He wants this to be as successful as his public-speaking class for patrolmen and a riot-squad trained in boxing and wrestling for bloodless handling of riots. To date, the public-speaking class has "graduated" ten patrolmen able to address schools, clubs and other gatherings on safety and timely subjects.

Getting a glee-club together isn't such an easy job, explained Harold Anderson, Chief Dispatcher of KGPE, radio station of the Kansas City Police Department. Some of the boys are on twelve-hour shifts, others can't get around to rehearsals.

"Due to the hotel strike here," Anderson said, "and the consequent twelve-hour police shifts, there have been only three rehearsals.

"When that's over, we'll get down to some real training."

The burgeoning club is under the direction of Prof. E. G. Stanton, director of English and music at the local junior college. He also is director of the choir at the fashionable Trinity Methodist Church, where Mrs. Stanton is the organist. At one time he was a member of the Harvard University Glee Club. He thinks the coppers are going to trill some snappy notes once they get around to it.

Warblers—Chief Dispatcher Anderson formerly was a buyer for women's dress manufacturers and is spokesman, *impresario* and engagement-getter for the boys. He is six feet one, weighs 220 pounds, sings bass.

"We're going to sing before the National Safety Council meeting when it is held here next fall," he said hopefully. "We also expect to sing over the radio.

"We'll sing anything—spirituals, minstrels, popular music—we'll even swing up some jazz."

In building up this extensive repertory, the men sometimes have a little trouble keeping on pitch. So Jean Martin, a junior college student, accompanies the

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group, adjusting the pitch to suit their untrained tra-la-la's.

The glee-club includes Frank Tutero, dark, athletic patrolman who sang in the Manual High School's champion glee-club of 1926. Blond Detective Tom Farley is second tenor, used to sing while working as a steam-fitter and as a member of St. Vincent's Church choir. He's a good golfer and makes cabinets as a hobby. The biggest copper, Clerk Bob Ring, sings tenor.

A pistol expert, Patrolman J. J. Shaw, fifty-one, is a barytone. Second tenor is beefy Patrolman Frank A. Singleton, also fifty-one. He is a veteran trouper of the old Keith-Orpheum vaudeville circuit.

Benton Tibbs, former Pennsylvania Railroad man, sings barytone. Lanky George Monahan has a "natural Irish tenor." Jack Ellie, who spent many years in Hawaii, has a high tenor.

J. A. Curran, member of the school patrol, is another tenor. He posed for the cop in the current Shell petroleum ads.

FOR FATHERS: "Billy Button" Symbolizes Debt That Every One Owes to Dad

One windy March night in the late 'nineties a grief-stricken father sat with bowed head in the front room of his farmhouse in the rolling hills of the Big Bend, near Spokane, Washington.

About him were six small, bewildered children—five boys and one girl. Knowing nothing about the dreadful finality of death, they looked toward the door, expecting their mother's return momentarily, but she had just been buried.

Finally, one lad, frantic, rushed out into the snow to seek her in the woods. The father, roused, followed the child, raised him in his arms, brought him back, placed him in his crib. From that moment he became both mother and father to the six youngsters.

Years later, the little girl, grown, became Mrs. John Dodd. In 1910, when her father's work was over and he, too, was lying in the churchyard, Mrs. Dodd attended Sunday service. It was Mothers' day. She heard the preacher's gentle words, extolling the mothers of the world. Instinctively, she thought of her father, the only mother she remembered.

"Why only Mothers' day?" she asked herself. "Why not Fathers'?"

She set aside the third Sunday of June in memory of the one who had shared her childish games. Fathers' day was born.

William Jackson Smart was the simple, churchgoing man who inspired the day, which, this year, falls on June 20.

In Arkansas, where he was born in 1847, they called him "Billy Button" because of the shining brass buttons on his homespun butternut-brown jacket. At seventeen he was fighting in the War Between the States. For twenty years afterward he was fighting to win a living from stubborn Arkansas soil, which later turned out to be a coal-field. "Billy Button's" error. He pulled up stakes, bought a place in the Big Bend, brought up his family by hand.

Creed—"He lived by the golden rule," said Mrs. Dodd not long ago. "He entertained the minister, never borrowed, taught us not to borrow, objected if my petticoat ever showed or if the floors and walks were not as clean as a whistle."

News of Fathers' day spread. Mrs. Dodd received sympathetic letters from all over the world. The spirit of the day seemed to touch hearts of people in far-away lands—Guatemala, Siam and Korea. Strangely enough, however, in her own country the day never achieved the sentimental significance of Mothers' day. Various explanations of this singular circumstance have been offered.

Prof. Thomas W. Galloway in his book, "Love and Marriage" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.), suggests that love of father, for natural reasons, never can equal love of mother.

"Mother-love is biologically much older than father-love," he declares. "Father-love, in its beginnings, is derived largely from the mate. In the main, it is neither so instinctive, nor so powerful as the love of the mother."

Pictures, Inc.

Leslie Delaney with his seventeen children . . . "what's the matter with Father? . . . he's all right!"

Cynics, however, ascribe failure to popularize Fathers' day to less scientific, but equally plausible, reasons. Fathers themselves, they say, are mainly responsible. Dads discourage gifts with downright frankness.

They just don't see the point of getting a pair of suspenders from *Son William* and a necktie from *Daughter Sue* only to find the items on the department-store bill when it comes in. One of the peculiarities of fathers. They don't get much kick out of the privilege of paying for their own gifts.

That, say the cynics, is why Mothers' day is harvest-time for shopkeepers while, for all save the telegraph companies, Fathers' day merely is the third Sunday of June.

TAX-DODGERS: Roosevelt Leads Congress in New Charge on "Royalists'" Redoubts

In the classic "Oliver Twist," the most nimble-fingered of *Fagin's* young crew of pickpockets is *Jack Dawkins,* "as roistering and swaggering a young gentleman as ever stood four-feet-six, or something less, in his bluchers."

With such easy grace does he snatch watches, wallets and handkerchiefs that his colleagues enviously dub him "the Artful Dodger."

For the last three months, the Treasury Department has been on the tracks of a Dodger infinitely more artful than *Fagin's Jack.* In contrast to the shabby *Dawkins,* the 1937 version is smartly dressed.

His name may be stamped in gold on the frosted surface of a sky-scraper office-door. Likely as not, he is a dignified pillar of his community. He works not in trinkets and small change, but in millions. His victim always is the same person, the gentleman in the star-spangled coat and striped trousers known as *Uncle Sam.*

Jack Dawkins dodged irate old men and clumsy policemen. The modern *Dawkins* dodges the income-tax collector.

Last week, President Roosevelt dispatched an indignant message to Congress containing a report from the Secretary of the Treasury on recent activities of the tax-dodgers.

"We face a challenge to the power of the Government to collect, uniformly, fairly and without discrimination, taxes based on statutes adopted by the Congress," he said.

"Mr. Justice Holmes said 'taxes are what we pay for civilized society.' Too many individuals, however, want the civilization at a discount."

Loopholes—Secretary Morgenthau's report listed eight of the "principal devices now being employed by taxpayers with large incomes for the purpose of defeating the income taxes which would normally be payable by them." The list was documented with sixteen concrete examples of artful tax-dodging.

There was the "retired American Army officer" who became a naturalized Canadian citizen, then organized a holding company in the Bahamas to sell his valuable bloc of American securities, hoping thereby to escape income and inheritance tax laws of the United States.

There was the man who set up a personal holding company to handle his yacht and $3,000,000 worth of stocks and bonds. He rented the boat from the company at a

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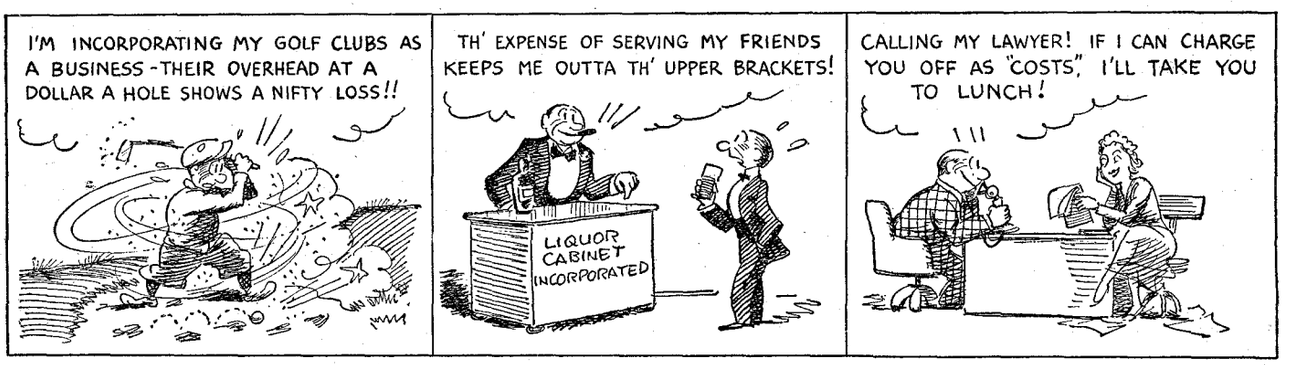
I'M INCORPORATING MY GOLF CLUBS AS A BUSINESS - THEIR OVERHEAD AT A DOLLAR A HOLE SHOWS A NIFTY LOSS!!
TH' EXPENSE OF SERVING MY FRIENDS KEEPS ME OUTTA TH' UPPER BRACKETS!
LIQUOR CABINET INCORPORATED
CALLING MY LAWYER! IF I CAN CHARGE YOU OFF AS "COSTS", I'LL TAKE YOU TO LUNCH!

By Will Johnstone, Courtesy New York World-Telegram

News Item: "President lists 'clever little schemes' to avoid income taxes. One woman writes of husband as 'costs'"

small amount and the company used the income from the securities to pay the operating expenses of the vessel.

Had he owned the yacht personally, he would not have been able to deduct any of these items from his income tax. Similarly, a racing-stable was incorporated and its losses for the year 1936 placed at $200,000.

Especially artful was the device of the wealthy woman who incorporated her country estate, hired her husband to manage it and thereby was able to claim a deduction on the pocket-money she gave him.

There was the New York broker who sought to whittle down his tax by splitting his income five ways—one part for himself, one for each of his four children. To do this, he persuaded his partner to take the four children—all minors—into the firm as partners, each one receiving an income. He dodged, in this manner, to the extent of $50,000.

Investigation—The Secretary of the Treasury concluded his report with the recommendation "that authority be given to the Treasury Department, with an adequate appropriation, in order that a complete and immediate investigation may be conducted."

Excited as Senators and Representatives may have been over the revelations in the President's message, they were not ready to hand over to the Treasury the power to subpena witnesses for a sweeping investigation of tax-dodging. Instead, they adopted a resolution establishing a Congressional "Joint Committee on Tax Evasion and Avoidance," composed of six Senators and six Representatives, and empowered to subpena witnesses, books, papers and documents. Nevertheless, most of the material for the inquiry, scheduled to begin next week, will be gathered, not by agents of the Joint Committee, but by figure-minded accountants of Secretary Morgenthau's Department.

In April, President Roosevelt was faced with the uncomfortable task of submitting to Congress a gloomy supplementary-budget message in which he admitted that he had overestimated receipts for the fiscal year 1937-'38 by $604,000,000. Was last week's message an alibi for this bad guess? To persistent critics of the Administration, such as the Boston *Herald*, it looked as if the President had "decided to make his old enemies, the 'economic royalists,' the national goat."

The New York *Times*, generally friendly to the New Deal, conceded that "the Government can not tolerate evasion or fraud," and that loopholes in the income-tax law must be plugged as soon as they appear, but added that the Administration itself has not set an example for "scrupulous fairness." The paper pointed to the taxing of capital gains "without allowing deductions for capital losses" and to the "penalizing," under the undistributed profits tax, of "ordinary corporate prudence."

Herrings—Noting in his message that "the issue immediately before us is the single one relating to the evasion of unethical avoidance of existing laws," the President warned Congress of "red herrings" which would be drawn across the trail of an inquiry into tax-dodging.

To which the anti-New Deal New York *Herald Tribune* retorted: "He is of course the master drawer of herrings himself. . . . His desire is obvious: to give the impression that it is the failure of the rich to pay their income taxes which is responsible for the failure of the Government to balance the budget. The excuse is too transparent. For the real blame lies on the Administration—first, for failing to make the law fool-proof with respect to tax-dodging; second, for not broadening the base of the income-tax structure so as to include a larger share of the nation's income; third, for making estimates of receipts which were far too optimistic, and, fourth, and most important, for failing to reduce government expenditures."

No Senator was so foolhardy last week as to oppose the Congressional investigation of income-tax evasion, but Arthur H. Vandenberg, Michigan Republican White Hope, was moved to observe:

"I wish there was as much enthusiasm about stopping loopholes in expenditures. If we took all income of tax-dodgers, we would still be sunk in a tragic deficit."

Topics in Brief

EVENTUALLY Downing Street may quit mixing in the private domestic affairs of an inoffensive and helpless family.—*Detroit Free Press.*

STANLEY BALDWIN says the League of Nations is of doubtful value. That's what Japan, Germany and Italy thought.—*Wichita (Kan.) Eagle.*

IT DEVELOPS that European Powers refuse to halt the Spanish contest because each thinks it is backing the winner.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

NEW YORK co-eds intend to marry "men of brains, character, adequate incomes and nice sense of humor." It smacks a little of bigamy.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

THINGS ARE returning to normalcy. People have quit trying to find a mistake in the addition of the check for the dinners.—*Carey Williams in Atlanta Georgian.*

IT IS SUGGESTED that the Government add to the attractions of the New York world's fair by exhibiting a balanced Federal budget.—*Elizabeth (N. J.) Record.*

WE COULD discuss more accurately the possibility of a split in the Democratic Party if we knew what had become of the Democratic Party.—*Dallas Morning News.*

THERE WAS one woman among forty-six persons pinched at a Long Island cock-fight. Likely mistook it for a gossipy hen-party.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

THE SOVIETS are setting up a meteorological station at the North Pole. Hurray! Now we can blame the weather on the Reds, too.—*John Paine in Federated Press.*

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, starts a new era in civic life with three city managers. Which should be three times as good—or bad—as existence under one.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

CAPITOL GUIDES in Washington report that visitors mostly ask to be shown where Huey Long sat. It's a thought for analysis.—*Jack Warwick in Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

HENCEFORTH it will be contrary to New Deal doctrines to sneeze in New York State. The WPA hay-fever squad has started to eradicate ragweed.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

WHY DON'T the experts on the use of leisure figure out something for people to do Sunday afternoon besides piling into automobiles and killing themselves.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

MUSSOLINI has barred reporters from Italy, but there won't be any gasps of astonishment until the world hears he has banned photographers.—*H. I. Phillips in Newark Evening News.*

AMERICAN art-students, we are told, are going in for vigorous sports. Feeling assured, no doubt, that if anything happens to their heads they can still go in for surrealism.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

VANDENBERG claims that the Democrats have reduced the number of unemployed to less than 3,000,000, but the Administration indignantly denies it. A Republican can't even say it's a nice day.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

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MINISTERING BLUE ANGEL OF MERCY

Visiting Nurses Are Unsung Heroines of War on Disease

"Do not touch that—no, not that either. We can't touch these. Oh! You shouldn't have picked that up!"

The sleek prince of the Gipsy tribe was more anxious about Romany "untouchable" tradition than the condition of his young wife, who had just given birth to a son.

The blue-clad visiting public nurse to whom he spoke soon learned that a Gipsy maternity patient is considered unclean. Likewise, that whoever gives her nursing care and whatever articles are used at this time become contaminated.

The princely father advised: "You must bathe the baby on the foot of the bed and not remove him from the spot for three days. Put the soiled clothes under the bed. The mother you must leave as she is for three days—it's the Gipsy rule."

Artful—Nevertheless, she got the baby safely on the road to health.

That afternoon, the nurse was calling upon the League of Nations-like street of Detroit's Highland Park where thirty-one nationalities live. There, she had to switch her talents to chicken-pox, summer complaints, rickets and dyspepsia.

One of the 20,000 such nurses throughout the United States, who make 29,000,000 mercy-calls at homes annually, her visits to these bizarre scenes were by no means unusual.

As a graduate nurse, she might, for instance, be called upon at any time to be at once teacher, social worker, psychiatrist, dietitian, budgeteer—and, mayhap, medico, in a way.

Quick of wit, she must be, too, as one who was put to the test by this question:

"Nurse, can you tell me what to do to shorten the seven-year itch? I caught it from my aunt and I've only had it a little over two years."

Anniversary—This week, the work of these unsung heroines of modern civilian war against disease and insanitation was heralded throughout the country upon the silver jubilee of their organization into a national body.

Twenty-five years ago, on June 7, a handful of pioneers gathered in Chicago and grouped 2,500 poorly prepared and unsupervised colleagues in 900 agencies into the National Organization for Public Health Nursing. Leading organizers were Mary Gardner, Lillian D. Wald, Ella Phillips Crandall, Mary Beard, Mary Lent, Edna Foley, Minnie Patterson, Matilda Johnson, Lystra Gretter, Anne Hansen and Elizabeth G. Fox.

Visiting nursing had originated in Liverpool, England, in 1859. It spread to the United States in 1877 with the dispatch of the first trained expert into the homes of the sick and the poor by the woman's branch of the New York City Mission. She was Frances Root, Bellevue Nursing School graduate. Boston, Philadelphia and Buffalo followed in 1885-'86.

First real impetus to the movement, however, came in 1893 with the founding in New York of the now celebrated Henry Street Visiting Nursing Service by Miss Wald. By 1900, similar private groups began springing up all over the country, with the change of emphasis from enforced quarantine and sanitation to education.

Definition—To-day, a public health nurse is, properly speaking, a graduate nurse who may be employed by any public or private agency to care for the public health.

There she goes in her blue uniform, hurrying across hot city streets, bumping along icy midnight roads. Where is she going? What does she do?

Well, her importance is shown by the fact that two per cent. of the population is ill at some time and only 10 per cent. of the sick go to the hospital. Of the 90 per cent. that remain at home, some are critically ill, some chronically ill, some are not so seriously ill as to require hospitalization. There are those who return from hospitals to convalesce at home. All sooner or later may come under her wing.

Symbolic of her work in the twenty-five intervening years is the frail, white-haired figure of the national group's coorganizer, Mary Gardner. Second President (1913-'16), she has been shy and retiring, but is a major influence in the work, having written the epic, "Public Health Nursing."

Born in Newton, Massachusetts, she was graduated from the Newport Hospital in Rhode Island in 1905 and, up to her retirement a few years ago, had centered all her practising work as Superintendent of the Providence District Nursing Association. During the War, as Public Health Nurse Director of the Tuberculosis Commission to Italy, she organized courses for nurses in Rome, laid groundwork for subsequent public-health nursing in Italy.

In pioneer days, Miss Gardner, Miss Wald and other nurses wore gingham dresses, cotton stockings, sailor hats and carried small satchels like the market-bags of to-day. Under their arms they lugged bulky bundles consisting of sheets, pillowcases and nightclothes.

They gave daily egg-nogs as part of their routine, so they had to take along eggs, a fork to beat them with and flasked whisky to fortify the drinks. The milk they found in the homes. The egg-nogs were for tubercular patients who also consumed from eight to a dozen raw eggs daily and two or three quarts of milk.

As the work developed, gauze, cotton, towels, a layette with babies' dresses almost a yard long, immense bottles of pills and other medicines and disinfectants were added to the bag.

Progress—Nurses got $60 a month and often were escorted by policemen to night-confinement cases. To-day, the bag is small, but it contains, in addition to old-time essentials, case-records, instruments, hypodermic needles and other modern medical gear. Nurses work eight and one-half hours a day in a five and one-half-day week, get an average of $125 a month salary.

Typical of the 1937 public nurse is the organization's June "Nurse of the Month," Miss Hester Chapman. Her territory consists of 2,597 miles of rugged mountains, relieved only by a few mining towns and scattered lumber - camps in Shoshone County, Idaho. There she is county nurse to 20,000 human beings. She was born and reared on an Idaho stock-ranch, was graduated from the State Normal School and the St. Joseph's Hospital nursing-school, both in Lewiston; afterward studied at the Chicago Lying-In Hospital.

Daily, she rumbles over lonely, rocky roads in her car, halts before log cabins where there is smallpox, helps young ranchers get their eyes tested, calls at schools to lecture on health and hygiene.

Nat'l Organization for Public Health Nursing

Miss Mary Gardner (inset) devoted a lifetime to the improvement of old-fashioned pediatrics

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ALLERGY, POLLEN AND AH-CHOO TIME

Hay-Fever No Joke to Sufferers, Boon to Weedless Resorts

One out of ten has it: hay-fever, asthma, eczema or some other allergic ill (see cover). Out of this vast reservoir of the afflicted, one of the youngest and huskiest of medical specialties draws its *clientele*.

Last week the Association for the Study of Allergy met in Atlantic City, discussed cures and palliatives for allergic complaints which range from sick headache to gastric distress. Whatever the individual symptoms, all the allergic ailments fundamentally are a spasm of muscles and swelling of tissues induced by a mysterious hypersensitivity to normally harmless substances.

For the most part, specialists wish that more physicians knew more facts about allergy. Symptoms can take the shape of many other diseases and allergens actually can cause fevers.

Example—There was the case of the schoolteacher with a cough and an afternoon temperature who was ordered to bed to recover from tuberculosis. Her cough grew worse the longer she remained in bed.

A specialist in allergies learned with interest that a friend of the patient had presented two down-filled pillows to her when she became bed-ridden. He made a scratch-test of the patient, found her allergic to feathers, ordered her to throw away her pillows and her "tuberculosis" promptly was cured.

Feather sensitivity is common enough, but by far the most popular allergic ailment is hay-fever. Usually, hay-fever hits its victims with clocklike regularity, as in the case of the man who always knew it was August 15 because he invariably woke up that morning with a running nose and a tickling sneeze. He could neither smell nor taste, his pipe and his food lost their savor and once he nearly drowned when a sneezing fit came on while he was surf-bathing. After twenty years, he outgrew the attacks.

Resistance—One of the beauties of an allergy is that the body eventually seems to build up its own antitoxins, but it takes a long time and, fortunately, medicine is able to help the hay-fever sneezer with two general types of treatment: (1) Injection of pollen extracts and (2) removal to a region where the offending pollen does not exist.

Preseasonal inoculations with pollen often prevent expected attacks of hay-fever. The toxic pollen is identified by scratching the skin and injecting a mild solution of various pollens. If the scratch swells up, you've got it—allergy.

Other treatments for hay-fever, which meet with greater or lesser success at the hands of a specialist, include the intranasal application of pure phenol and, occasionally, X-ray treatment over the bridge of the nose. Dr. George D. McGrew of the Army Medical Corps recently reported that hay-fever sufferers obtained relief by eating honey produced in the vicinity of their homes. Presumably the curative agent was pollens extracted from hay-fever flowers by busy bees.

It is not always a simple matter to flee from titillating pollens. Ragweed is the most common cause of hay-fever, but absence of ragweed in a particular region means little. Its pollen may be blown for hundreds of miles and four or five grains of the stuff are enough to start the sufferer sneezing. The best hay-fever resort areas, according to pollen-count statistics collected by Dr. O. C. Durham of Chicago, are the Far West and the Northern New England States. Worst hay-fever areas are Michigan, Illinois and Indiana.

The trouble with stubborn hay-fever cases usually is a sensitivity to two or more substances, making it difficult to identify the offender. Recently, molds

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Enlarged 3,500 times . . . odd-shaped bits of pollen responsible for hay-fever agony

have been identified as a wide-spread cause of allergic troubles.

In the Southeastern States, magnificent old mansions usually were built along rivers and mold-spores flourished in their cellars. People who live in these stately mansions are likely to develop asthma traceable to molds and moving from the house does no good, for the spores cling tenaciously to furniture.

Last week, the New York *World-Telegram* began publishing a daily pollen count for the city's five boroughs, classifying the totals for grasses, trees and weeds so that hay-fever victims who know to which pollens they are sensitive may take precautions. Hay-fever in temperate zones extends roughly from the last of March to November 1, reaching a peak around the ragweed season in August.

Weeds—Trees such as oak, walnut and elm are the earliest and mildest offenders, their pollination ceasing in June to give way to grasses such as oats and timothy. The weed season, from August to November, is worst. Forehandedly, the WPA put 1,500 men to work in New York City last week digging up ragweed, aiming to equal last season's clean-up record of 132,600,000 square feet thoroughly weeded.

Even ragweed removal is no sure cure for the allergic, however. Dr. Walter C. Alvarez of the Mayo Clinic warns that a patient "may get along very well with one allergic insult, but two cause a blow-up—pollen plus pork, for example."

Doctor Alvarez has found that symptoms of gastric ulcer, mental dulness, and depression for which no organic cause can be found, often are caused by gastro-intestinal allergy, hypersensitivity to certain foods.

"Many a blue Monday is caused by eating chicken on Sunday," he says, explaining his method of determining just what food causes a patient's trouble. First he restricts the patient to a diet of maple-sugar, then cautiously adds lamb, rice, butter, sugar and canned pears. Other foods follow until allergic symptoms occur, at which point the latest-used food is identified as the trouble-maker.

One of the chief delights of the allergist is the discovery of new substances to which people are sensitive. Already the list includes such oddities as tulip-bulbs, goat-hair, dried chicken-blood and the dust from cylinders of recording devices.

ATOM-SMASHER: Giant Aluminum Pear Transmutes Mercury Into Gold by Electricity

Nothing is more vastly pleasing to a journeyman physicist than a new instrument for probing into the private life of the atom. By shooting, slapping and bullyragging the electrons and protons of atoms, science has made transmutation an accomplished fact and investigators come continually closer to solving the basic mystery of matter itself.

Matter, as the physicists view it, is mostly nothing. Unflattering to the average man is the cold physical fact that for the most part he is empty space. Altho a 150-pound man is made up of eighty billion-billion-billion particles, if these were compressed solidly together he would be about as big as a typhoid germ and would have to be looked for through a high-powered microscope.

Last week, members of the Edison Electric Institute, meeting at Chicago, heard Dr. L. W. Chubb of the Westinghouse Research Laboratories describe the latest atom-smasher, in course of construction at the company's East Pittsburgh workshops. It is a huge electrostatic machine which in effect is an electric gun capable of firing ions down a vacuum-tube at a speed of 100,000,000 miles an hour, driven by a 10,000,000 volt discharge.

Hits—The Westinghouse atom-smasher will look like a gigantic aluminum pear, forty-seven feet high, resting on a two-story building. Inside the pear-shaped tank, surrounded by an insulating blanket of air at a pressure of 120 pounds a square inch, is the electrostatic machine proper.

Its heart is a forty-foot vacuum-tube through which subatomic particles are fired by the discharge of electric current fed into a collecting chamber by fiber belts. Probable bullets for the electric gun will

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be particles of heavy water, placed at the breech end of the vacuum-tube rifle-barrel.

Pulling a 10,000,000-volt trigger shoots the heavy-water bullets through the tube to strike targets of metal, gas or liquid. From zero, the particles accelerate in a distance of forty feet to speeds as high as 100,000,000 miles an hour.

Velocities vary with the voltage. At the lower end of the tube, particles are sorted into three streams by a magnet which diverts them according to their energy.

Particles racing at these speeds score hits on the nuclei of atoms, disrupt their autonomy and disturb the number of electrons whirling around the orbit of a nucleus or proton. By this means physicists transmute matter from one element into another—knocking an electron from a mercury atom produces gold.

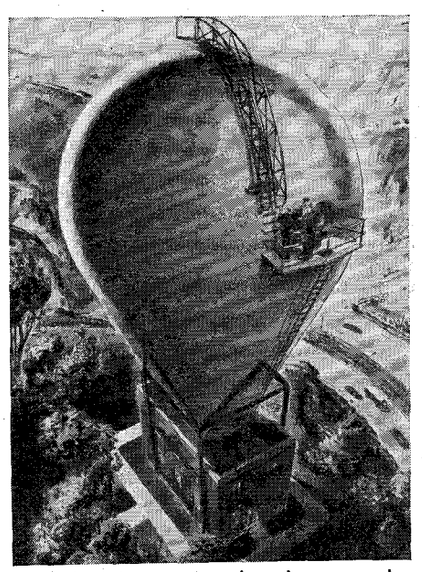
Misses—This is far from indicating that transmutation is approaching commercial practicability. The Westinghouse atom-smasher, in one second, fires a million-million electric bullets. Only one in ten million bullets makes a hit, transmuting 100,000 particles in one second.

One gram of matter, about one-fourth the size of a sugar-lump, contains 10^{23} particles — the figure one followed by twenty-three zeros. At this rate it would take 31,000,000,000 years to transmute one gram of matter.

Poor marksmanship of the atom-smasher is accounted for by the tenuosity of matter. An atom is a solar system in miniature, its orbital electrons separated from the nucleus by distances proportionately as great as those which separate the planets from the sun.

That is why cosmic rays, which are constantly bombarding human beings, pass through the body without causing discomfort. To a cosmic ray, the human body is as tenuous as universal space. For an atom-smasher, therefore, to score a hit on an individual particle, is very much like shooting an air-rifle at a mosquito on top of the Empire State Building.

In the whole earth, according to figures presented by Rogers D. Rusk in his new book, "Atoms, Men, and Stars," (Knopf), there are 10^{52} particles—one followed by fifty-two zeros; in the entire universe, 10^{78} particles.



Westinghouse's huge pear-shaped atom-smasher may make transmutation an accomplished fact

Most immediate value of atom-smashers, aside from pure research, probably will be the production of artificial radioactive substances. Already medicine is finding use for radiosodium, table-salt which has been bombarded by deuterons in the cyclotron, the electronic whirligig developed by Prof. Ernest O. Lawrence of the University of California.

Drs. Robert S. Stone and Joseph G. Hamilton of the University recently injected radiosodium into the veins of two patients, took measurements of metabolic changes. Mineral elements of the body, made radioactive and fed or injected into a patient, would leave a radioactive trail through the system which could be studied, it has been suggested.

YANKEE GENIUS: Every Year Inventors' Congress Exhibits Better Mouse-Traps

Eighty per cent. of the world's inventions are created by American ingenuity. Each year thousands of patents are taken out, of which 82 per cent. are commercially valueless, but the other 18 per cent. are productive of a few substantial fortunes and a considerable number of respectable incomes.

Both kinds of inventions were on display last week in the Hotel Edison, New York, with the potentially useless devices predominating. Six hundred hopeful gadgeticians hovered over models or drawings of their brain-children, striving to lure prospective purchasers into down-payments for patent rights.

The occasion was the convention of the National Inventors' Congress, a twelve-year-old organization which claims 30,000 members at $5 a head. Behind the Congress is the portly figure of its promoter, Albert G. Burns, who likes to refer to himself as a "gadgetician" — a word he coined to describe his function as commercial physician to ailing gadgets.

Inventors notoriously are a gullible race, says Mr. Burns, and his organization endeavors to protect its members from trick contracts and other skin-games. Inventors are inclined to believe that the red government seal on a set of patent papers is an open sesame to fortune, altho all a patent does is to award its owner a monopoly on an original idea for a period of years. Whether the idea itself is worth a plugged nickel, the Government doesn't say.

Sale—Inventors, awakened to the commercial facts of life, are inclined to ride their patent attorneys as soon as they obtain their patents, demanding to know where they can sell their monopolistic property. It is no part of a patent attorney's business to sell a patent to a manufacturer.

Hence, the attorneys, says Mr. Burns, have a soft spot in their hearts for his Inventors' Congress, as they can turn the buyer-seeking inventor over to that organization.

Promoter Burns has learned a good deal about inventions during his twelve years as a gadgetician, including the fact that 11 per cent. of them are produced by women. He is pretty scornful of the agitation among some labor organizations to call a moratorium on patents on the ground that the machine is throwing men out of work.

What, he asks, would another Selden patent be worth to the country? Selden's was the basic patent on the gasoline engine which sprouted into the automobile industry. Next to come, according to Mr. Burns, is the air-conditioned motor-car.

Debunking?—One of Mr. Burns's most interesting assertions is that Eli Whitney didn't invent the cotton-gin. It seems that Whitney worked as a farm-hand down South for a woman whose husband recently had died. It was this woman who invented the cotton-gin, but an old Southern custom considered it unseemly for a woman to fiddle around with machinery, so she asked Whitney to apply for the patent in his own name, according to Mr. Burns's account.

The first thing an inventor takes to heart is the Emersonian axiom about the better mouse-trap and the beaten path to the cottage door.

Last week's session had two nifties: One, a metal-lined tube which electrocutes the mouse when he nuzzles a piece of cheese, the other a perpetual-motion trap which the mouse victim treacherously baits for the next customer. This trap looks like a metal shoe-box, entered at one end by the mouse, which nibbles at a piece of cheese on a swinging wire. This automatically closes the door behind him. There is only one way to go: over a teeter-totter which swings the bait-wire back in place for the next mouse. The betrayed victims wait in a vestibule for execution.

Items—Other high-spots of the Congress:

A portable bath-house which fits over the shoulders like a cotton blimp. Spacious and presumably opaque, a bather can change from street-dress to swim-suit with perfect propriety and no locker-rental.

A pair of shoes for walking on water. Hidden inside a metal frame beneath the soles of a pair of tennis-shoes are wooden blades which pop out and slap the water as the wearer walks across a lake. The Patent Office figured that the device would work as claimed as long as the water-walker kept moving.

A braille watch for the blind in which the dials and figures are in raised symbols.

A folding electric iron which, when turned upside down in its frame, presents a surface for frying eggs.

A peepless keyhole which has a metal arm to be dropped over the head of a key in the lock.

A machine which vends a shave for a dime, delivering a razor, brushless shaving-soap, powder-puff with scented talcum, sanitary towel and an application of after-shave lotion.

A snore-eliminator in the shape of a metal frame which clamps over the teeth and prevents breathing through the mouth.

BLACK-OUT: Astronomers Shoot Notable Eclipse, But Its Lessons Won't Be Told for Years

Astronomers over the world were of two minds about Providence this week.

Decently grateful for the most magnificent solar eclipse in 1,238 years, they resented the bungling cosmic-stage management which presented the climax of the spectacle in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, 1,500 miles from land. Perversely, the moon dragged her shadow, 153 miles wide, for 8,000 miles over one of the few areas of the globe where astronomers could

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not find dry land to set up their heavy instruments.

Philosophically, the eclipse-hunters ignored the lunar snub, compromised by setting up observation-posts on the inferior land areas available at the beginning and end of the path of totality.

Somewhere near the center of the shadow-track, one expedition snapped pictures with hand cameras from the deck of a bobbing freighter. A half-dozen parties of astronomers are heading home with photographic eclipse records which will not be interpreted fully for another decade or two.

No Junket — Laymen often wonder if eclipse-stalking is a game worth the candle or merely an excuse for adventurous scientific junkets. Astronomers, who do not nettle easily, point out that the rewards of pure science are unpredictable. Helium was discovered on the sun years before it flared into a point of debate (as to its advantages over hydrogen) in the destruction of the dirigible *Hindenburg*.

Eclipses help to check the solar-time clock, proving the earth is not running down. But for eclipses, astronomers wouldn't have the mystery of the corona to ponder upon.

The pearl-gray crown of light surrounding the sun's surface, or chromosphere, is visible only when the moon blots out the direct blaze of the star. Prevailing opinion is that the corona is not a gas, but a mysterious kind of matter much more finely divided.

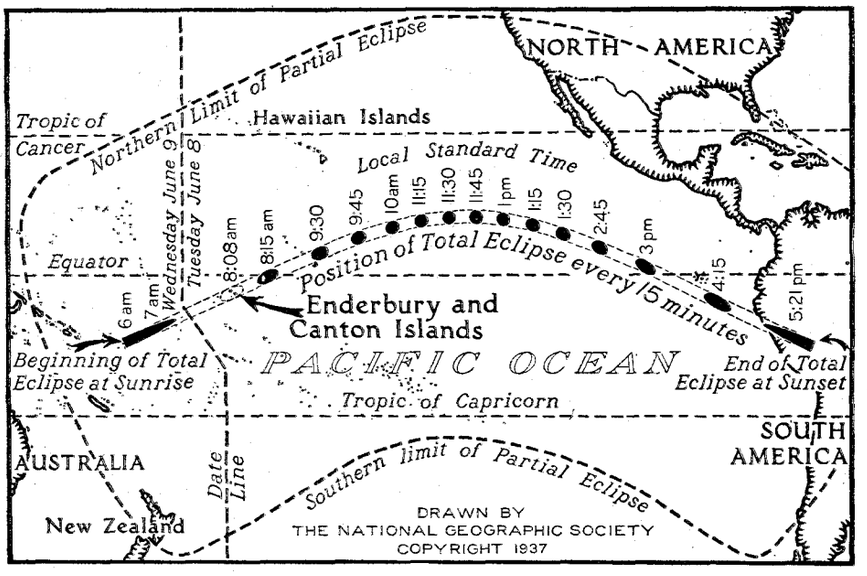
Most important of all, the sun is a vast laboratory in which new theories of physics originate. The sun is the only star which man can observe at close range.

Atoms behave strangely in the great heat and low pressure of the solar furnace. The sun is the source of man's fuel, food and vitamins.

Historic—This week's eclipse was one of the most notable in history. Its maximum period of totality was seven minutes and four seconds, only twenty-six seconds short of the maximum totality any eclipse can attain. It ended the day before it began, owing to its crossing of the arbitrary International Date-Line. Starting at sunrise on June 9, just west of the Phoenix Islands in the Pacific, the shadow swept on at 1,060 miles an hour to vanish at sunset on the Peruvian coast.

On Canton Island, one of the Phoenix group, a party of New Zealanders and a group of American astronomers representing the United States Naval Observatory, the National Bureau of Standards and the National Geographic Society pitched a tent-camp, setting up six spectroscopes and several telescopes to record the eclipse. Equipment weighed eleven tons, including ice-boxes to maintain photographic plates at the proper temperatures, shotguns to discourage the rats which infest the atoll and spider-webs for use as eyepiece finders, the latter so delicate that a pound of them would reach around the earth at the equator.

Kites—Totality at Canton Island was only three minutes and forty-five seconds, stirring others than astronomers to frenzied action. George Hicks, National Broadcasting Company announcer, gave an account of the event with his radio antenna hoisted high above the surface of the Pacific by a five-foot kite.



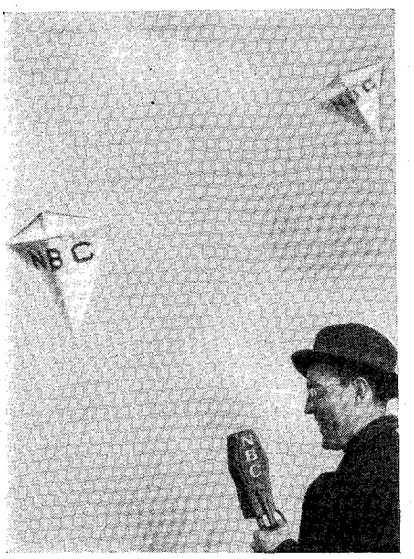
Path of the eclipse of Tuesday, June 8, indicating time and place

With N.B.C.'s field-engineer, Walter R. Brown, Hicks did a good deal of kite-flying in Central Park last spring, to the considerable delight of youngsters. N.B.C. expects to adopt the flying antenna in field-broadcasts from points where it is impossible to erect the conventional antenna.

Charles Bittinger, commissioned by the National Geographic Society to make an oil-painting of the eclipse, did a fast and furious job in the four minutes' time allotted him. He prepared four paintings in advance, with four sky-backgrounds ranging from purple to gray and the disk of the moon painted in, surrounded by a tentative corona.

As the moon's shadow blotted out the sun, Bittinger seized the painting conforming to the actual color of the sky, dabbing in the flamelike prominences darting from the sun and correcting the shape and color of his preliminary corona.

Films—Hours later, at sunset, another group of scientists went into action in Peru. Prof. Charles H. Smiley, Director of Ladd Observatory of Boston University, focused his special Schmidt-type camera with a lightning-fast f.1 lens, took pictures in the relatively poor lighting conditions prevailing. Maj. Albert W. Stevens, famed stratosphere balloonist, took natural-color photographs at 30,000 feet for the American Museum of Natural History.



Kite antennae soar aloft to provide a special broadcast during the eclipse

Months must pass before the full significance of photographic plates and spectroscopic analysis of coronal light is interpreted. Preceding this week's solar show was the great eclipse of May 29, 1919, which gave science the first opportunity to confirm Einstein's theory that rays of light are bent in passing through the sun's gravitational field.

Eclipses run in series, each eclipse being followed by an interval of eighteen years and ten or eleven days known as the eclipse saros. The first eclipse of the present series occurred at the south pole on June 14, 1360. A series runs for thirteen centuries, then starts over again.

SCIENCE SNAPS

Goiter—The widely accepted theory that iodin deficiency is the cause of goiter was rejected last week by Dr. Andre Crotti, addressing the first International College of Surgeons Assembly at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. His researches led him to the conclusion that endemic goiter (the type that causes a swelling in the neck and lowers metabolism) is caused by a specific vegetative fungus transmitted by drinking water and vegetables.

* * *

Hazard—Insulin drunkenness is a new cause of reckless driving discovered by a British court. A motorist charged with driving while drunk explained that he was a diabetic. He had taken a double dose of insulin on an empty stomach and this produced symptoms of light-headedness and clumsiness in moving the limbs, similar to alcoholic intoxication.

* * *

Cool Sun—Surprize! Astronomers measuring the difference in temperature between the surface of the sun and its overlying atmosphere were astonished to learn that the atmosphere was only 4,500 degrees centigrade, about 1,500 degrees cooler than expected. The discovery was made by Harvard astronomers using a new method of analyzing the lines of the solar spectrum.

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Wheels

BOX CARS, BUT WITH BULLET SPEED

Fast Freights Clip Over Rails as Swiftly as Old Expresses

Thirty years ago, one *Jabez Krunch*, enterprising keeper of the general store at *Stalagmite*, Arkansas, needed a car-load of horse-liniment in a hurry. That seems like considerable horse-liniment, but the skylarking blades of the countryside had been galloping their nags too fast downhill and a lot of spavins had developed. Anyway, it serves the purpose of this fable.

Jabez Krunch telegraphed his jobbers in St. Louis, 400 miles away. The medicament was trucked swiftly to the railroad-yards while the merchant was sending a verbal (and economical) advertisement over the party-telephone line that the great liniment drought was ended. The horses neighed in joy.

One week later, from a distance that a driver in an ordinary motor-car now can cover in the daylight of a summer day, a wheezing freight-engine shunted its consignment for the treatment of equine ills onto a siding at *Stalagmite*. To the protests of a fuming *Jabez*, the trainmen retorted that he could take it or leave it. He took it.

Speedier—That was thirty years ago. To-day, a young *Jabez* can telegraph or telephone an order to St. Louis and, by the next morning, have it on display in his store, whether it be grapefruit, two-pants suits or ax-handles.

Fast freights thunder all over the United States at fifty miles an hour and sometimes faster.

Overnight deliveries to points 400 miles away are common. Truck competition and the growing pace of a swiftly-living America have forced railroads to transport goods at a speed which rivals that of passenger-service not so many years ago.

In the slow-poky days of rail-freighting yesteryear, there was endless delay and dilly-dallying. Switch-engines chugged and puffed importantly in divisional yards, but accomplished little. Threading back and forth over a maze of tracks, they noisily labored till they had assembled twenty or so box cars in a string.

To them was hitched a black-belching mammoth of the rails. Then, as steam shot into cylinders and the bell rang, wheels creaked, slipped and clattered till finally the laborious adventure to the nation's *Stalagmites* was on.

There were no schedules; the freight-train operated when fate, luck and passenger-trains permitted. At every station there was endless switching and breaking up of the box-car string. Frequently the trainmen stopped to mine cinders from their ears and eat lunch; occasionally, they halted to shoo cows and village loafers off the tracks.

Time-Table—To-day, the crack freights operate on fixed schedules. They bear names as fancy as those of their aristocratic passenger brethren—the *Arrow*, the *Meteor*, the *Bullet* are examples. Delays at intermediate points are minimized by classification. If a freight-train leaves a division point hauling two cars which must be dropped at the next station, it spots them at the end of the train and not, as happened frequently in the olden days, in the middle, so as to necessitate breaking up the whole string.

So highly has such work been systematized that the Pennsylvania Railroad boasts that in some yards a train of 100 cars which may be bound for many different points can be "put over the hump" and reclassified according to destination at the rate of five cars a minute—twenty minutes for the entire train.

Example—Typical of to-day's overnight runs is that made between Jersey City and Pittsburgh, 426 miles.

Ten years ago, that freight trip took thirty-seven hours and forty minutes; now it requires only fourteen hours and ten minutes.

While freight-trains have been stepped up and modernized, they haven't been beautified to keep up with the various gleaming stream-lined passenger bullets which whiz over the rails on many lines. A box car still looks like a box car and can't very well be disguised as something else.

But freights can be drawn by stream-lined locomotives, at least, and the Milwaukee Road has undertaken to beautify the antique caboose. The Milwaukee has taken the familiar cupola off the caboose, installing side-bays instead, brightened the outside with aluminum paint and made the trainmen comfortable inside. Box cars also are being built of lighter metals and to that extent are in the stream-line parade. The earliest types of American freight-cars had a ratio of load-carrying capacity to weight of one to one; modern designs in some cases have a ratio of four to one.

One reason the railroads have spruced up and sped up is that their bread and butter largely comes from moving the nation's products.

In 1935, the national railroad income from freight was $2,790,551,400; from passenger, mail and express service it was only $503,285,487, a ratio of $5.53 to $1 in favor of freight.

Reasons—Highway competition probably is the greatest factor. Tho trains still bear the greatest share of the nation's freight—70 per cent. as compared to 30 per cent. for trucks, Great Lakes steamers, inland-waterway barges, oil-pipe lines and other carriers—they have lost considerable local business to the trucks, particularly short hauls.

There are motor-trucking concerns to-day which operate ponderous fleets from city to city; there are rugged individualists who save their money as truck-drivers to buy one freight-truck which can make them a good living.

Apparently believing in the old political doctrine of "if you can't beat 'em, jine 'em," the railroads have fought one of the principal arguments of the truckers by instituting motorized pick-up and delivery service. They roll your goods into town on their iron rails, load them into trucks, unload them in your store. Reversing the system, they pick up goods in the same way.

Speed, store-to-door service and accommodation are the new watchwords of the steel-rail freight-carriers. The only thing left is beauty, and for all any one knows the Iron Horse one of these days may foal a freight-train that will astound beholders even as did the streaking cannon-balls brought out by the Union Pacific and the Burlington a few years ago to open a new era for the passenger-train.

Agriculture

GOOBER WIZARD: Negro Scientist Turns Peanuts Into Vital Crop for Dixie Farmers

Slave-traders brought the peanut to Colonial Virginia as a cheap, nourishing food for their servitors.

To-day, Negro slaves are no more, but it has largely remained for one of their number to make the peanut one of the nation's major crops, worth $61,000,000.

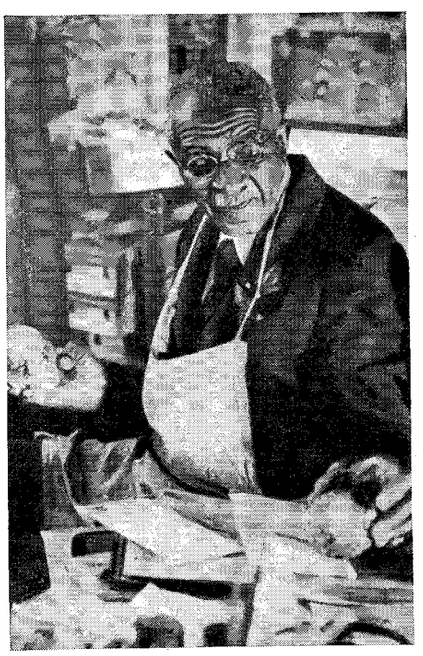
He is Dr. George Washington Carver, seventy-two, a stoop-shouldered plant wizard of Alabama's far-famed Tuskegee Institute who has produced 300 by-products of the lowly goober—from cheese to axle-grease.

Little known to the general public for his miracles in synthetic chemistry, Doctor Carver returned last week from an adventure as No. 1 guest of the third annual conference of the National Farm Chemurgic Council in Detroit to find his colleagues preparing a surprize honor for him. For his forty years of work there, Tuskegee was unveiling a bronze bust of him.

Shyly he poked his iron-gray head out of his cluttered laboratory and shuffled down to join the ceremony.

He listened meekly to the speeches, accepted the tribute with evident embarrassment and scurried back to his test-tubes and peanuts.

There, he once more secluded himself



Clyde Cruse

Dr. George Washington Carver . . . experiments with vegetable life have made him world-famed

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in an almost monastic self-effacement, indifferent to the pleas of outsiders to accept the high honors and emoluments due him.

For years the peanut industry has sought to pay its debt to Doctor Carver. When growers sent a check to him for eradicating a disease which threatened their crop, he returned it. He reminded them that God did not charge them to grow the peanut, hence he charged them naught for curing it. The nearest they got to honoring him was in 1931, when a peanut company unveiled a plaque to him at Tuskegee.

Altho he never has made a penny out of his discoveries, never has applied for a patent, Doctor Carver has concocted in his laboratory recipes for a complete meal, from soup to nuts, of synthetic dishes made from the humble peanut. A good cook himself, he has, in fact, prepared a book chock-full of peanut dishes.

While admitting that much of his peanut magic falls short of commercial application and for that reason is impractical, he points to a lot of products of major importance. They range from sweet milk, butter, cheese, pickles and candies to pharmaceutical preparations. From his test-tubes have come, too, face-powder, wafers, printer's ink, shaving-lotion, shampoo, dyes, lard cooking-greases and confections—a staggering list.

Horse-Trade—A year before the War Between the States ended, Doctor Carver was born at Diamond Grove, Missouri, got his name from the family which owned his mother. Very early sale and resale lost his parents to him and at one time he himself was traded for a race-horse valued at $300.

Grown up, he earned his given names of George Washington from the family that owned him because of his honesty and application. Ambitious to study, he was rejected by one college because he was a Negro. Finally, he was able to study at Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa; then at Iowa State, where his brilliance won him a master's degree in chemistry and a place on the college faculty.

While at Iowa College, he took Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, then just a boy, along on field-trips and interested him in agriculture.

"He was such an inquisitive little youngster," Doctor Carver said. "He wanted to know everything about every plant."

At the behest of Booker T. Washington, himself an ex-slave, Carver joined Tuskegee in 1896, rarely has wandered away.

On several occasions, Thomas A. Edison begged the scientist to join his research staff in New Jersey. Doctor Carver rejected salary offers of as high as $100,000 a year, sticking to his littered, topsy-turvy office.

Letter—The place is filled with specimens, letters, books and hundreds of odds and ends, plants he cross-breeds, sweet potato and peanut growths, a couple of autographed pictures of Edison, and paintings from the brush of Maxfield Parrish. There, in faded, tattered clothing, he works alone, peering at his tubes through spectacles. His equipment is to a great extent home-made and crude.

When dusk tires his eyes, he repairs reluctantly to his plain, two-room suite in the dormitory house. It is filled with books, plants, painting materials, curios and relics. Unmarried, he lives simply, sees few people and retires early.

Interest in the peanut began long ago for him. His crusade to impress its possibilities on Southern farmers began, properly speaking, in the middle twenties. Then the boll-weevil made great devastating inroads on cotton, sole money crop of most farms in the Deep South.

Doctor Carver set himself to clear this threat from the Southern farm. From his experiment station there began to go out in a steady stream pamphlets and booklets preaching of other crops.

Prejudice—Until a few years ago, enthusiastic proponents of peanut-raising encountered a strange and utterly false notion among Southern farmers. These farmers had the idea that the peanut market was limited to circuses and ball-parks and they refused to be caught with an oversupply.

Like many other Americans, they regarded it as a nut, not as its true self, a legume, member of the pea-and-bean family, growing like a potato-vine. They did not know of its high concentration of nutriment, its content of vitamins A and B. Indeed, in 1900, only 100,000,000 pounds of peanuts were grown in the whole country.

Soon they changed their minds under the spell of Doctor Carver's magic. As the Cotton States took to the goober, a steady stream of fabulous products flowed from his experimental station. Alabama went in heavily for production, to-day counts the peanut next after cotton.

Capital of the peanut belt is Dothan, in extreme southeast Alabama. Dothan has grown from a town of 3,000 in 1900 to a city of nearly 20,000. One reason—a principal reason for the growth—is the presence of a peanut-shelling plant and plants for the compression of the nut to extract the oils for salads and peanut-butter. Within a fifty-mile radius of the town, 75,000 tons of peanuts were raised last year. A few years ago peanuts as a cash crop virtually were unknown.

The belt extends between Montgomery, Alabama, and Macon, Georgia, on the north and runs southward to Waycross, Georgia, and westward to Andalusia, Alabama. Within this square of territory cut from two States, with a strip of northern Florida thrown in, farmers have turned strongly to peanut growing.

Aside from their food-and-fodder uses, peanuts loom as important to future medical research. Among Doctor Carver's latest and most newsworthy discoveries is a treatment designed to aid victims of poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis). Last summer, Alabama got a scare when an epidemic of "polio" swept up across the State. From long distances members of his own race and whites *trekked* in for Doctor Carver's treatment.

Doctor Carver is devoutly religious, intersperses his talk with Biblical references. A favorite quotation is: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

Says he: "The Southern people, if they had the vision, could control the markets of the world."

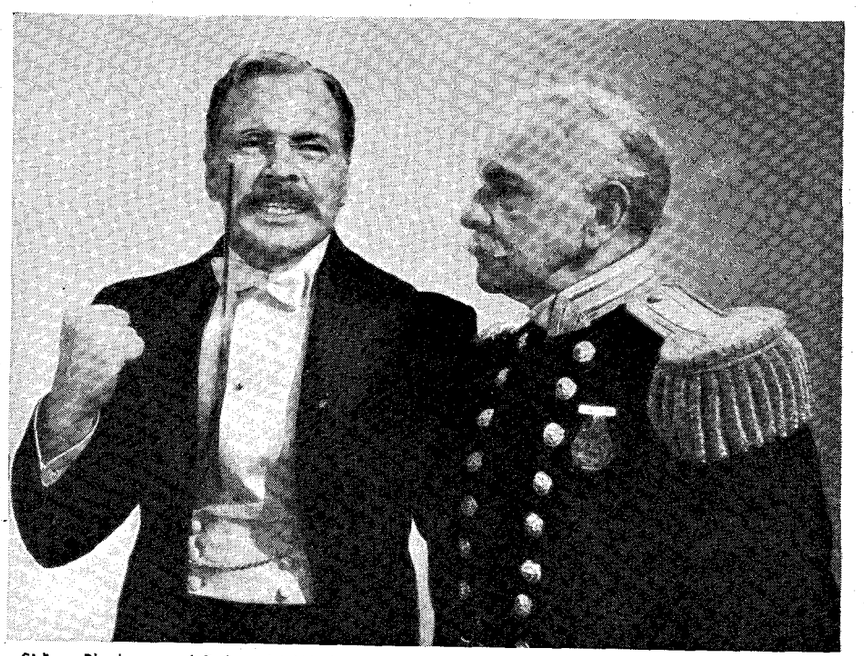
Screen

COPS & ROBBERS: Gangster Theme Dressed Up in Sideburns and Flounces of 1900

Glory-poor American heroes continue to furnish Twentieth Century-Fox Films with screen material. Newest in the series of forgotten empire-savers is Lt. Richard L. Perry, U.S.N.

Lieutenant Perry, capering at a White House ball, was summoned to the President's office by President McKinley, assigned there to begin a lone man-hunt for a bank-robbing gang which was looting the choicest vaults in the West. The gang always knew vault-combinations in advance, had no trouble heisting out good money by the sackful. The Secret Service was helpless.

Perry accepted the job, joined the gang, refused, until the last, to tell the story of his Presidential assignment and was almost hanged because McKinley, who



Sidney Blackmer and Robert McWade . . . striking counterparts of "T. R." and Admiral Dewey

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could have saved him by admitting the order, was assassinated. Theodore Roosevelt and some last-minute telephoning rescued Perry when the noose was seconds away.

Fabric—Into this turn-of-the-century relic Darryl Zanuck and others have woven a romance, a cross-country bank-gang, secret ciphers and some excellent gas-lit night-life stuff. They call it "This Is My Affair," which turns out to be nothing more nor less than a modern gangster picture in period costume. It is cops-and-robbers in fancy dress.

Robert Taylor is not much better as an actor than he ever was but it no longer is necessary for him to be a good actor. As *Perry*, he is lithe, amiable, plays the romantic interludes with ease and is satisfactory, if not inspiring.

Barbara Stanwyck, object of *Perry's* ardors, sister of the chief bank-looter, is permitted to wear 1900 flounces becomingly, sings a song as if she meant it, is pliant and appealing in the romance, justifies her salary and engagement.

Sharing honors with these two is Victor McLaglen, expert in the muddled gorilla school of acting. Once again he is a Neanderthaloid numskull who blunders about thumping his chest and emitting roars of anger when Taylor steps between him and Miss Stanwyck.

Job—Motion-picture patrons won't care, but the actual stars of this crime document do not appear in it. They are Scenarists Allen Rivkin and Lamar Trotti, who took a neighborhood gangster theme and changed it into a chronicle of McKinley era criminality with the side explorations into early G men, cabaret crookedness and 1900 morals and manners.

It could not have been easy. For one thing, they had to make it believable. That they do is a greater feat than anything accomplished pictorially by Miss Stanwyck or the Messrs. Taylor and McLaglen. Conceivably, the entire theme could have been a picturesque mess. It isn't, thanks to tight, workmanlike writing.

Youngsters familiar with the features of McKinley and "T. R." through the medium of bad photographs and awesome chromos may fetch some excitement out of astonishing physical counterparts furnished by, respectively, Frank Conroy and Sidney Blackmer.

William A. Seiter's direction is admirable.

SAVOYARD SONG: Gilbert and Sullivan Melodies and Lyrics with Hollywood Touches

From Grand National, baby of the film companies aspiring to stature, comes the screen's first sturdy attempt to use Gilbert and Sullivan melodies and lyrics in film. The item is "The Girl Said No," a spry comedy of back-stage life. Sixteen Savoyard numbers are used, drawn with some intelligence from seven of the operettas.

Every spring, in New York, veterans of Gilbert and Sullivan performances piece together a comic-opera troupe and attempt a season of the operettas. Mostly they are successful. Now and then, the D'Oyly Carte home-plate company comes from London to show up American tatters. These veterans are in "The Girl Said No" and include such faithful workers as Vera Ross, William Danforth, Frank Moulan and Vivian Hart.

Author-Producer Andrew Stone, flinching from another routine back-stage plot, gives his story some amusing departures from banality. Altogether, "The Girl Said No" is a first-rate and novel screen item worthy of attention from any audience. Its cast embraces no glitter of important players, but Irene Harvey, Robert Armstrong, Paula Stone and others give it as much as more expensive stars could have. It is a warm, winning film.

DOUBLE-HEADER: Two Westerns From Star Reporter Who Turned Film Producer

One-time Baltimore star reporter Robert Sisk, who vaulted from Broadway and the Theater Guild to Hollywood and a passion for producing Western pictures that make sense and are fair to the Indian, tightened up his suspenders last week, offered for preview two new films.

Joan Fontaine and Preston Foster come through with "light, witty and good-natured comedy"

One, just to keep the franchise, was a Western. The other was "You Can't Beat Love," Item 119 in Hollywood's present vogue for crowding the word love into a cinema title. Audiences may ignore the title, as did previewers.

The picture is a light, witty and steadily good-natured comedy which achieves such giddy excellence that something constructive ought to be done about jettisoning its forbidding title. Before general release to the public, something probably will be done.

Find—Chief interest to preview critics lay in the performance of Joan Fontaine, blondish youngster making her second screen performance. She is RKO's hope for a new star and Olivia de Haviland's kid sister. The latter circumstance is grimly kept in the background by Miss Fontaine, who wants to make good on her own. She probably will.

She is an excellent *comédienne* when scenarists give her a chance, but a fairly unrelieved romantic rôle in this picture hobbles her talents. She is acceptable and very pretty, but obviously is hampered by the restrictions of her part. A high comedy for her third picture ought to keep her records straight.

Preston Foster plays a muscular playboy who is chafed into becoming candidate for mayor in a city hamstrung by an underworld-police alliance.

Best shot: Foster, in evening clothes, accompanied by an uncomfortable valet, happily wielding pick and shovel in a ditch to win a $500 bet.

There is no false weight in the cast, the scenario is lively, on occasions exceedingly funny. By any other name, or even with it, "You Can't Beat Love" is palatable screen entertainment.

No. 2—The second Sisk production within a week was "Border Café," in which John Beal, assuaging an ancient hunger, finally gets to play in a Western picture. The fact that half a dozen plot *clichés*, ranging down into the regeneration theme, abound in the picture does little to dim its entertainment value.

In it Beal is the bibulous son of a starched-collar Boston tribe. He finds himself on a drinking marathon in a border café where the singing is done by a Mexican detonating-charge played by Armida. A rancher, who turns out to have been a college-mate of Beal's appalled father, picks the boy up, corks all the bottles and makes a worth-while youngster out of a border-town sot.

The scenario demanded of Beal that he transform himself from a silly toss-pot into a tanned, hardy cow-puncher a little faster than actually could be accomplished, but, except for that bit of plot haste, the "Border Café" story stands up handily.

Armida is beguiling, sings Mexican songs with relish and furnishes the picture with more substance than was expected. Harry Carey contributes another of his sound, mellow performances. He is the rescuing rancher.

Letters and Art

ORCHIDS TO YOU: Can't Afford Them? Marjorie Hillis Says You Can—If You Budget Thriftily

"It's smart to be thrifty" as an advertising slogan has helped to carry R. H. Macy and Company, New York department store, to enviable heights of commercial success. In "Orchids on Your Budget," Marjorie Hillis, author of last year's best seller, "Live Alone and Like It," makes that slogan her theme.

"Well, who isn't poor?" Miss Hillis asks as her first chapter title. She proceeds in her pungent verbiage as follows: "An astonishing number of people you know, probably including yourself, insist they have to do a lot of economizing. . . . This isn't because of the lack of size of their incomes; it's because they haven't as much money as they wish they had. It would be true no matter what their incomes."

Calculating that the people who "have to economize" could swing any election, Miss Hillis points out that lots of the best people live in made-over garages or penthouses that are only slightly transformed

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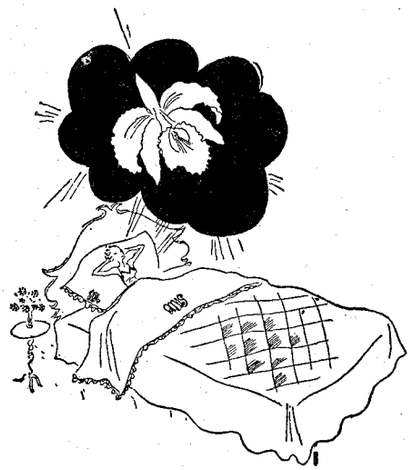
attics; that thrift in its best forms is every bit as smart as the advertisements claim. "Nobody cares a *pouf* what your income is these days," says Miss Hillis, "but people do care how you live and how you act about it. The scale isn't important, but the effect is."

A slight financial pressure sharpens the wits, tho it needn't sharpen the disposition,

Miss Hillis believes. The trick is to have the right attitude, as it is with most things in life. To economize, if you have to economize, with gaiety and an air. It's amazing, considering how general the problem is, how few people do this.

Home—Going into the home, Miss Hillis speaking: "With most of us, home is where the bills are, and a lot of bills are for the home. This being the case, we are all for



starting economy in the roof over your head. . . . To-day, the impoverished gentlewoman is a dodo. Those gentle characters about whom authors love to write, who live in the old family home, chiefly on yams and corn-meal, while it disintegrates around their aristocratic ears, are all very well in literature. But the best you can say for them in real life is that they are quaint. . . . And quaintness is stuffy.

"Which means that, if you find that home is eating up your income, the thing

to do is to move, no matter how many generations bearing your name have died in the front bedroom."

But before moving, Miss Hillis suggests a list of the things you want most (you can't have them all, you know). One woman's list read: A view, sunshine, *chic*, gaiety. It looked a little silly, she thought, but it covered the essentials for her, and she kept right on looking until she found a tiny New York apartment with one end of its small living-room given entirely to windows looking over the East River. With the help of lots of mirrors and a little paint, her two-and-a-half rooms became extra gay and *chic*.

Another woman headed her list with: "A Place for Parties." It stopped her dead, since her income permitted a one-room apartment in her home-town of Baltimore. Eventually, however, she found a log cabin in the country on the bank of a decorative stream. She rented it for a few dollars . . . furnished it with taste and second-hand antiques . . . and now she entertains all her friends for gay week-ends.

Don't's—Marjorie Hillis don't's: Don't try to move all the furnishings of a four-story house into a four-room apartment. Throw out as much as you can bear without actual pain.

Miss Hillis takes up a lash when she goes after the subject of dress. "One thing practically every woman believes in her heart is that she has really remarkable taste in clothes and could look like a million dollars, if she had the million or the time. She may know that she occasionally slips into the cartoon class, but it doesn't alter her conviction."

Truth is, of course, the women who do look like a million dollars often do it on very little money. Buying a few issues of the most authoritative fashion magazines every spring and fall is their first move. Thereby, they save twice as much money as they do by bargain-hunting. Next, the smart woman sticks to a rule that is pretty old, the saw about building your wardrobe around one color. It's amazing, says Miss Hillis, in this enlightened age, to see how many women buy a brown coat, just as they'd planned to do, then get carried away by a little navy-blue dress that is "too sweet," and eventually choose a black hat because they can't find a becoming one in any other color, and everything goes with black. Oh, does it?

Practical—To be explicit, it's got to be a dark, practical, unoriginal color, black or blue or brown. Not for the smart and economical woman are the "de-vine" new peanut-butter tans or the passionate pansy-purples. . . . Those little whimsies are for the girls with rich husbands.

And on the subject of husbands, Miss

Hillis is startlingly frank. "Can you afford a husband?" she asks. "If the one you have in mind is, like so many eligible and charming men, a non-money-maker, and you prefer him to a larger apartment—why not take him on?"

Light tho "Orchids on Your Budget" may be, it is a sermon in courageous living.

Ladies, Are You Thrifty or Stingy?

Questions	*Answers*
1. Should you take friends whom you don't care about impressing to a cheap restaurant and smart friends to an expensive one? (Think hard.)	1. Yes. (The unstylish ones often are more at home in a not-too-smart restaurant and might think you were showing off if you took them to a smart one, especially if you can't afford to. It's better to choose one where the guests won't feel dowdy—but where the food is good.)
2. At a party, should you talk loudly about ordering a taxi—and then wait to see if any of your friends with cars will offer to drive you home?	2. No. (The fact that a friend has a car doesn't mean that it is convenient for her to drive all over town. This is an all-too-common form of sponging. People who can't get to and from parties ought to stay home unless they are certain that some one really wants to take them.)
3. When getting on a train with a friend who has a paper, should you buy one of your own?	3. Yes. (What you save by not buying a newspaper doesn't begin to pay for the irritation most people feel at having to share one. And why should they?)
4. Should you keep putting on old dresses and saving new ones for more important occasions?	4. No. (If you do this at all, you are pretty sure to do it too often and one fine day you find that the new dress isn't so new or so smart and that you've had scarcely any wear out of it.)
5. Should you hang on to old dresses that you don't wear, but think you might have made over some time, instead of sending them to some organization?	5. No. (You probably won't have them made over and, anyway, some one who needs them more might be getting a lot of wear and pleasure out of them.)
6. Should you check your restaurant bill before paying it?	6. Yes. (This isn't stinginess. Every one makes mistakes sometimes, but you needn't pay for other people's.)
7. Should you wear a nightgown or a slip just once more, even if it's a shade soiled, before putting it into the hamper?	7. No. (Fastidiousness is a quality you can't afford to be without.)
8. Should you buy Christmas presents that "will do" for relatives to whom giving is a duty, instead of trying to think of something they would really like?	8. No. (If you don't see why for yourself, you *are* stingy.)
9. Should you buy second-rate liquor, thinking you can doctor up the taste with the other ingredients in the cocktails?	9. No. (If you did, while you might deserve the headache the next morning, your guests wouldn't and we hope they won't come again.)
10. Should you painstakingly untie the strings on packages?	10. Yes. (This is a harmless economy and it often comes in handy.)

From "Orchids on Your Budget," by Marjorie Hillis.

CLAY VS. STARS: Saint's Statue or Planetarium? San Francisco Must Choose

San Franciscans have to make up their minds whether a statue of St. Francis of Assisi or a $1,000,000 planetarium will adorn Twin Peaks.

For nine years prominent citizens, artists and writers of the city haggled over the statue. Finally, Mayor Angelo Rossi cast the deciding vote for its acceptance. He thought that this would end the tempest. Then, along came an anonymous letter to the San Francisco *Chronicle*. It

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said a $1,000,000 planetarium and observatory would be bequeathed to the city by an unnamed millionaire—but the offer would be revoked if the statue went up.

So the battle has started again. *The Chronicle* checked with lawyers, was unable to identify the mysterious philanthropist. A San Francisco banker said that the letter was *bona fide* and that the will is in existence.

Why—"For obvious reasons," the anonymous letter read, "the names of the testator, trustee and the writer can not be disclosed now." The cost of the structure, as contemplated in the will, would not exceed $1,000,000. It would be self-supporting after its completion, if managed on the same plan as the Griffith Observatory of Los Angeles.

The bequest was written into a residuary clause in the will of a San Franciscan (rumored to be a member of the prominent Spreckels or Fleishhacker families) to be the greatest monument in the city.

The San Francisco press has tried to give both sides of the argument without taking sides. One editorial hinted that no one knew how a statue of St. Francis would look on Twin Peaks, but "at its worst it will be more sightly than some of the apartment-houses that already rise like chimney-pots from our hilltops."

The whole rumpus dates back to 1928, when Beniamino ("Benny") Bufano, sculptor, left for Paris with a commission from a group of San Francisco citizens to model St. Francis—patron saint of the city. Brother of the puppeteer Remo Bufano, the artist was born in Italy in 1890 and settled in San Francisco.

Toil—Through a cold French winter, Bufano worked on a twenty-two-foot statue made of black Swedish granite. Chiseling away, he forgot to open a letter which said the commission had fallen through. He stored the statue, on which he had spent $2,400 of his own money, in Paris and returned to San Francisco. Living in poverty near Lafayette Square, he agitated for the city to accept his work. In 1935, his shack was burned with all his possessions.

Artists and patrons wrangled. The Art Commission turned down an eight-foot model. Then, with a few changes, Mayor Rossi broke a seven-all tie vote.

Criticism was sharp on both sides. Mrs. Frederick Colburn, club-woman, said: "The statue looks like a hold-up man." Herbert Fleishhacker, Jr., member of prominent local family, called it hideous. Father George of St. Boniface Church and the Order of St. Francis asserted it was not only offensive in the eyes of God, but was "a disgrace to our Order and disgraces St. Francis."

Gertrude Atherton, novelist, declares that she told Bufano the statue was hideous. Others who concurred were Dr. Marian Bertola, Past President of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, and Mrs. Beatrice E. Coggin, Past President of the State WCTU, who asserted it was "grotesque."

Defense—But the statue has its supporters.

"What does Gertrude Atherton know about art?" asked Otis Oldfield, painter. "She writes best-sellers by the ton, but none is a classic."

Archbishop John Mitty approves it, as does Dr. C. B. Holland of the Order of St. Francis.

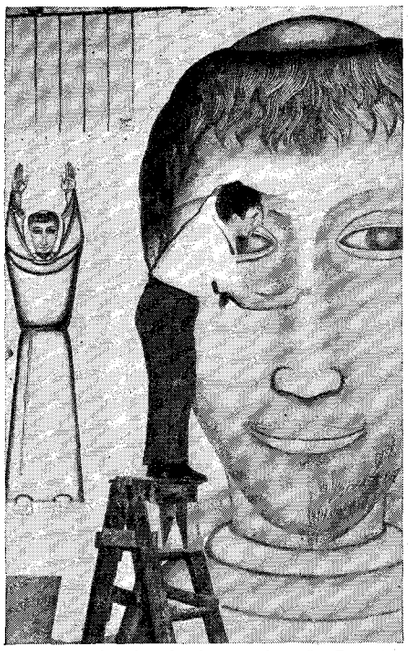
All the fuss has worn short, black-haired Bufano to a frazzle. Strutting from the room after the Mayor had voted the acceptance of the statue, the sculptor said: "Bah! I have been on trial before a bunch of old women who know nothing of art."

Meanwhile, he is waiting in a loft 70 x 100 feet to start work. The statue is to be 180 feet high, formed of cement with a robe and cowl of stainless steel and hands and feet of hammered copper, eyes of blue porcelain. The statue would be most severe with the hands upraised over the head—St. Francis of Assisi, thirteenth century religious leader, blessing the city. His mustache and goatee would be chiseled on the face to a hair.

Tie-Up—Weighing sixty tons, the statue will cost approximately $35,000. Forty WPA artists and artizans will be used exclusively in the construction.

In the accepted model, Mayor Rossi asked changes; the hands are to be moved eight feet lower and farther apart.

But nothing can be done until the Mayor makes another move. He isn't in any hurry because he can't find out who is the mysterious donor of the proposed $1,000,000 planetarium.



Bufano's sketches for his 200-foot St. Francis "looked like a hold-up man" to one critic

CHEF-D'OEUVRE: Sculptor Dallin Calls Belated Paul Revere Statue His Best Work

According to historians and the poet Longfellow, it took Paul Revere about two hours to rouse the countryside. That was back in 1775 when he galloped through Middlesex County, Massachusetts, from Boston to Concord, a distance of twenty miles.

Boston authorities decided to commemorate this midnight ride with an equestrian statue. But, like a good many of the best intentions of civic officials, politicians and artists, there were delays, what with red tape and lack of funds.

The result is that only this spring has the statue been unveiled on the Charles River Esplanade at the foot of Pinckney Street, Boston. It had been fifty-three years in the making before Mayor F. W. Mansfield pulled the cords from the figure by Cyrus Edwin Dallin, seventy-five-year-old sculptor.

Renown — Despite the disappointments occasioned by the various delays over so many years, the artist is decidedly pleased with the result. Altho the statue has not yet been seen by a number of international critics who have acclaimed his works, Dallin believes this is his best achievement. Conceived when he was only twenty-three, it was completed by persistent, albeit intermittent, work when he was a renowned master of his craft.

Born in Springfield, Utah, a son of pioneer parents, the sculptor went to Boston when he was just out of his teens. He got a job in a terra-cotta shop, was paid $2 for a seal of the State of Massachusetts.

Then he entered a general open competition for the Paul Revere statue. Among the competitors were Daniel Chester French and Andrew O'Connor, both later to become internationally famous also (French for the Lincoln Memorial in Washington; O'Connor for the Lincoln statue at Springfield, Illinois).

The official announcement stated that first award had gone to "Charles E. Dillon of Utah." French received third consideration. But one artist started a cry that none of the designs was historically accurate. So public opinion forced a second competition. Again Dallin was the winner.

Commission—After a vacation out West he went back to Boston in the spring of 1885. He was called to the Mayor's office and the contract was signed for him to proceed with the midnight-ride work. It was to be placed in Copley Square.

The plan called for completion of the statue by popular subscription, but there had been so much bickering over the project that the $5,000 could not be raised and the public lost interest. Last November the Boston Art Commission approved the statue which Dallin had completed at his own expense. He hopes some day to collect.

Dallin then turned to the creation of works with Indian or pioneer subjects—which, in later years, became the basis of his fame. His first Indian statue won the gold medal at the American Art Association Exhibit in New York in 1888. Then he went to Paris, met Rosa Bonheur and other famous artists. While studying in the French metropolis, Dallin saw Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and became further interested in works on the American Indian.

The first of these, "The Signal of Peace," was sold to the City of Chicago. In 1891, Dallin returned to Salt Lake City, married and completed a statue of Brigham Young. Returning to Paris in 1895, he completed "The Medicine Man" for Philadelphia, altho the Austrian Government tried to buy it. A third Indian statue, "The Protest," was shown in plaster at the St. Louis Exposition, while a fourth is "The Appeal to the Great Spirit," the statue in front of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Now, that the Revere work finally is settled, Dallin is working on a small equestrian-knight statue. A neat dresser and looking about ten years younger than his actual age, the artist always wears the medal he designed for an archery club. He is a member of the Eastern Archery Society, also being an ardent hunter and fisherman. Self-educated, he reads a great deal and holds an honorary Master of Arts degree from Tufts College.

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THE YOUNG MAN WHO ASKED FOR AN OLDER MAN'S ADVICE

SOMETIMES a friendship develops between a young man in his twenties and a prudent older man. Such a friendship is a valuable asset to the younger one.

One of these friendships had its beginning in a discussion during which the young man asked his friend: "If you were twenty-eight again what would you do with the dollars you could save?"

"I would do this," was the reply:—"I would put them in a safe, long-term investment—with the determination to change or surrender it only in case of dire necessity."

"Did *you* do that?" asked his questioner.

"I did it to the best of my ability; but there was not available to me then the information which you may easily obtain today. Opportunities then for obtaining advice and educating one's self in such matters as, let us say, *life insurance,* were not so abundant as they are now."

"I have just been reading," he continued, "a booklet recently issued by The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. The information it contains and the opportunity it offers for securing first-hand knowledge through personal contact with one of that company's representatives would have been of great value to me in my earlier years."

"If you were to ask my advice," he concluded, "I would suggest that you *look into life insurance* carefully and learn all you can about it, both as a means of providing for the future of your family and as an ideal *savings-plan* for your own later needs. Welcome this information whenever it is offered you, orally or in print, and you will never regret it."

To young men of today, who wish to *look at life insurance* as a sound method of creating financial reserves against future needs, The Mutual Life offers the booklet mentioned, "The Dollar that Keeps on Growing."

Request it from The Mutual Life representative who calls on you or from the Company, at the address given below and you will receive it promptly.

The Mutual Life
Insurance Company of New York
DAVID F. HOUSTON *President*
Nassau Street, New York

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK
FIRST POLICY ISSUED FEBRUARY 1, 1843

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SO YOU'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED?

Do's and Don't's and Budgets and Customs—Told by Experts

"In the spring, a young man's fancy . . ."

"But what about the young woman's fancy?" a protesting bride-to-be interrupts. "It takes two to make a wedding!"

And there are more "two's" making weddings this June than for any previous one since 1929, it is estimated generally. A great lesson has been learned, if one believes these June brides, for 90 per cent. of them stress the practical side of marriage—security, companionship—and their little pink noses turn up with scorn at their grandmothers' *credo* of romance, lavender and old lace.

In response to questionnaires sent out by Gretta Palmer, prospective brides reveal in the June issue of *Good Housekeeping* that the June Bride, 1937 Model, is a modest young woman with a leaning toward the simple virtues; one who wants a home and children, who can cook and is willing to marry a man making only $30 a week.

Budgets—"In the smaller towns," says the survey, "it was revealed that the young women think a yearly income of $1,200 a year sufficient. In the cities, a higher estimate of necessary income is made, but only a few girls say they would need more than $50 a week."

A twenty-three-year-old bridegroom-to-be chips in this comment:

"What mere man, knowing these facts, could keep from falling in love? Girls to-day are swinging into the happy medium that combines the modesty of our grandmothers with the overdone 'flaming youth' characteristics, which makes for a lovable, intelligent, but not too sophisticated wife and mother."

Is this the reason, then, for society scribes' reporting a bull market in marriages this year? Newspapers run over their allotted space with listings of nuptial applicants and Emily Post has been deluged for weeks with letters reading something like this:

"My fiancé and I want to get married in June. We haven't much money but would like to do it as smartly as our funds permit. Please, Mrs. Post, tell us how."

Never too busy to lend a sympathetic ear, the celebrated arbiter of manners takes time out from the stupendous task of revising her latest 740-page edition of "Etiquette" to give the love-lorn her well-worn advice on, first of all, "Bridal Blunders" or "Marriage Mustn't's," followed by "What the Bride Must Do" and "The Groom's Responsibilities."

Kinds—A "wedding" is not to be confused with a "marriage." To become man and wife in a City Hall ceremony may take five minutes and cost $4. That is a legal "marriage." To be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony in a church or home wedding requires several hours and may cost as many thousands of dollars.

Whether the bridegroom-to-be makes $30 a month or $30,000 a year, the wedding is the bride's and her family's affair and should be kept within their means.

The smallest possible wedding may take place in a single room or on a veranda, or in a church with only two or three first pews marked off for occupancy. Simplest refreshments: Punch, ginger-ale or fruit-cup; wedding-cake and sandwiches placed on a card-table, covered with a tea-cloth. A phonograph may substitute for an orchestra.

The largest possible wedding takes place usually in the country at high noon, or in a prominent church with a celebrated clergyman and assistants officiating. If the former, a special train for guests is provided, with private motors to convey them to the church.

New York Times Studio

June bride, 1937 model, calls for complete knowledge of marriage etiquette

Other requisites: Elaborate floral embellishments for church and home; full choral service with opera soloist of note; $200 to $500 fee to clergyman; two orchestras playing without intermission at country estate; canopied platform on lawn or added to veranda, filled with small tables for four, six or eight persons; spectacular refreshments with plenty of champagne; entertainment and favors for guests.

Between these extremes fall the majority of weddings, but, irrespective of size, if a wedding (not just a marriage) is to be attempted, the following skeleton rules must be observed:

By the Bride and Her Family

1. Engraved invitations and cards.
2. Professional secretary responsible for proper listing, addressing (remove tissue from invitations) and mailing. A properly instructed member of the family may perform this task.
3. Bride's trousseau: This may consist of wearing apparel of endless variety and lavish detail, household linen of finest quality and in quantity to last a lifetime; or of a wedding-dress, traveling-suit and one or two others, with barest essentials and fewest accessories.
4. Awnings for church and house. Optional if weather is good.
5. Decorations of church and house. Bouquets for the bride and bridesmaids, and a *boutonnière* for the father of the bride. (Garden flowers in season eliminate this expense.)
6. Choir, soloist and organist at church and fee to sexton. Can eliminate if wedding is at home.
7. Music. From fifty pieces to one phonograph.
8. Sit-down luncheon or afternoon tea in daytime; evening supper or fruit-cup and champagne collation.
9. Wedding-cake.
10. Presents to bridesmaids—jewels or trinkets of trifling cost.
11. Photographs of bridal party.

By the Bridegroom and His Family

1. Engagement ring—as handsome as he can afford.
2. Present to the bride—jewels or something for her personal adornment.
3. His bachelor dinner.
4. Marriage license.
5. Gifts to his best man and ushers—in addition to their wedding-ties, gloves and *boutonnières*.
6. Wedding-ring and clergyman's fee.
7. Bridegroom assumes all expenses from the moment he and his bride start on their wedding-trip.

If the June brides of the current crop stick to their 1937 convictions, the home is safe for another generation at least.

Marriage Mustn't's for June Brides and Bridegrooms

For Him

1. Don't buy the ring before you pop the question. Ask your fiancée what kind she prefers (for the wedding-ring, too) and allow her to select it if she wishes.

2. Don't furnish any portion of the bride's trousseau or pay for any part of the wedding unless she is an orphan.

3. Don't go around before the wedding looking too "dressed up." This is poor taste. Replenish your wardrobe with necessities and without ostentation.

4. Don't forget to blacken the soles of your wedding-shoes with water-proof shoe-polish if you kneel during the ceremony. Soles should be dark, neat and inconspicuous when facing the audience.

5. Don't avoid the attentions of the best man on your wedding-day. Says Emily Post: "The duty of the best man is to nurse the groom along until he is handed over to the bride. After this he suddenly becomes able to take care of himself and of her, too!" Incidentally, anything that goes wrong may be blamed on the best man.

For Her

1. Don't ask for a five-carat diamond if your fiancé can afford only half a carat. Learn the cost of jewels and choose a semiprecious stone if you prefer quantity to quality.

2. Don't accept a fur coat or an automobile from your fiancé until you bear his name. You may accept a fur scarf or "ornament" (a coat is considered "maintenance") and drive his car, but not possess it.

3. Don't forget to remove the engagement ring before the wedding-ring is placed on your finger. It is considered bad luck to switch them after the ceremony.

4. Don't arrange all the salt-and-peppers or similar gifts for display in one group. Distribute them tactfully and do not put expensive gifts next to inexpensive ones. Comparisons may be odious.

5. Don't forget the "something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue, and a lucky sixpence* in your shoe." It is good tradition.

*If you haven't got one, a dime will do.

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Miss Palmer's survey indicates. Happiness is a profession that has to be worked at, they are agreed. They do not expect the impossible from wedded bliss; they do not consider it a lottery; they would just as soon have their first babies girls as boys; they know more about sex than their parents did; they plan to budget their incomes and hope to be paid a salary by their husbands; they want their spouses to have hobbies and independent vacations.

SHORT SHRIFT: Men's Swim-Suits Down to Trunks as No-Shirt Movement Goes to Sea

"We'll have no gorillas on our beaches!"

Thus, last week, spake the city fathers of Atlantic City, New Jersey, a Mekka of bathing-beauties whose Board Walk has creaked without protest to the weight of thousands of scantily-clad *Misses Peoria, California* and *Oil City*.

Atlantic City wanted no hairy chests, but the rest of the country appeared to be less and less shocked by man's natural yearning to be comfortable and acquire a tan. As another summer season rolled round, indications were that the American male could hang his swim-suit top on a hickory-limb and go down to the sea in trunks.

Warning—First signal of the general rout of prudish laws came with the New York Court of Appeals ruling last month upsetting a Yonkers, New York, Alderman's year-old ordinance banning shorts in the Westchester County township.

From Chicago, Local Affairs Service of Editorial Research Reports has just made a nation-wide survey to ascertain the "suitable attire for male and female bathers at public beaches and pools for 1937." Its findings are concise:

Opinion from most cities throughout the country is, "least said the better." "It's just a publicity gag," report several cities, referring to sections of the country that "set up a howl about modesty and decency. All they want is the limelight." From:

Seattle. . . . "Attempts at regulation abandoned four years ago—too much bickering!"

Washington, D. C. . . . "Responsible and intelligent supervision is furnished here . . . in all matters of costume and conduct decency and decorum must be maintained."

Portland, Oregon. . . . "Decency is dictated by public opinion. Convention governs people's manners . . . no rules or tabus on costumes . . . must not offend 'regular folks.' The sky has been our limit on open-mindedness since days of quarter-sleeves and stockings."

Oklahoma City. . . . "Moderate and sensible covering . . . family groups like less emphasis on nakedness."

Detroit. . . . "Reasonable middle course . . . judging in hands of experienced attendants with right to reject or pass on costumes."

Columbus, Ohio. . . . "Comfortable clothing with body well covered is only attire acceptable here. . . ."

Baltimore. . . . "Bathing-suits must be 'decent,' with appearance of person in garment more important than garment itself . . . reasonable good taste and decency."*

Birmingham, Alabama. . . . "Question of dress personal matter . . . long as relatively decent, no reason why any community or organization should be alarmed over situation."

General emphasis shifted from female attire to male covering with the male modesty campaign started by Atlantic City and which spread to several other localities. Because there is "nothing beautiful about a man's chest," male bathers must wear shirts along with their trunks in: Atlantic City, Birmingham, El Paso, Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, Syracuse, Toledo, Evansville, Indiana, and Springfield, Massachusetts.

Cities in which there are no bathing-costume regulations include:

Akron, Cincinnati, Detroit, Houston, Hartford, Richmond, Canton, Ohio; Portland, Oregon, and Newark and Wildwood, New Jersey.

Conclusion—Editorial Research Reports' summary is: "About half of the public authorities in cities intend to ignore the issue—or have not yet made up their minds—and the others have promulgated more or less elastic regulations ranging from outright banning of shorts and 'trunks only' to somewhat vague rulings that any attire worn in public shall be 'decent' or 'conventional.'"

Determined to remain out of the controversy, conservative Des Moines replied to the Research questionnaire: "Nothing said! Undue publicity only causes irate comments."

Inquiry—The United Press, in its own survey, agrees that men are causing more trouble than women this season in the matter of beach attire. Cleveland holds out for men's trunks covering the navel; no white suits and women's two-piece suits must be connected at the waist-line—no nude abdomens.

Virginia Beach has decided to allow visitors to dress as their whims and sense of fashion dictate, "within limits of propriety."

Galveston, the United Press finds, "insists upon tops for men's suits but no special regulations concerning color or style of garment worn by women. Life-guards wear the customary uniforms of white shirts, blue trunks, with Red Cross insignia."

Due to religious influence in Spain, certain sections of that country, despite the war, require knee-length suits for women and sleeves that cover the arm-holes.

Germany restricted beach-wear the first year of the Hitler régime, decreeing a specified length of leg material on suits, high backs and necks, with fabric continuous under the arm-holes. Many of these

For Men Only

Few restrictions exist to-day for women bathers on American beaches, but men must watch their step, or, rather, their shirts, when bathing or sunning in certain localities. This index shows where to wear or not to wear shirts with trunks:

Top	*Topless*
Atlantic City	Baltimore
Birmingham	Columbus, Ohio
El Paso	Detroit
Evansville, Ind.	Oklahoma City
Minneapolis	Portland, Ore.
St. Paul	New York
St. Louis	Seattle
Springfield, Mass.	Malibu, Calif.
Syracuse, N. Y.	Long Beach, Calif.
Toledo	Washington
Galveston	Virginia Beach
	Southampton, L. I.
	Great Lakes
	Miami and Palm Beach

*When the issue of trunks or shorts alone for adult bathers came before the Park Board in July, 1936, a motion to allow them was lost by a tie vote.

Keystone

© Harris & Ewing

Yesterday's bloomers, petticoats, frills in bathing ensembles . . . make way for the greatest possible comfort "within the bounds of decency"

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regulations still hold, with modifications brought on by public opinion.

Italy has fewer restrictions than in the beginning of the Mussolini dictatorship and France has no restrictions. The sky is the limit on such fashionable beaches as Deauville and Trouville, at Biarritz and on the posh Riviera.

Continentals—Throughout Europe, trunks are worn 100 per cent. by both men and women. Mussolini wears them. General Goering has a white one-piece suit with a deep "Y" back. Hitler never has been seen in a bathing-suit or been known to go near the water. Scandinavians and Russians have long bathed unblushingly in the nude, carefully segregated by sexes.

Women prefer skirtless suits in France, Belgium, Germany and Hungary. Italian and English women wear the skirted type. Almost every country has adopted some form of adjustable sun-back styles with straps or halter-necks.

For a while it was believed that because men discarded the tops of their suits, women turned to greater abbreviation in their costumes and thereby brought upon themselves greater comment from the public. Manufacturers, however, largely control the bathing-suit situation through their accepted styles-promotion work. Few attempts have been made by police to enforce beach regulations except for specific disorderly-conduct offenses.

Gotham—In New York with its five boroughs "anything goes"—but with the curbing string, "within reason." Men may wear only simple and abbreviated one-piece suits or trunks without tops and women may appear in trunks and *brassières* or halter-tops, exposing several inches of epidermis between.

If one-piece suits are worn, however, men must not roll them down to the waistline or women remove the shoulder-straps "in order to sunburn evenly across the shoulders." The suits must stay intact.

Bathing-suit experts agree that even the most abbreviated suit can be worn with modesty and dignity. The proportions of the individual anatomy should govern the purchase of a suit. No woman or man consciously wishes to become a laughing-stock when she or he dons a swim-suit. "It all boils down to common sense," they chorus, "and if they haven't common sense, they can be arrested and learn a little!"

Religion

BOLD PASTOR: Oklahoman Brings Syphilis Problem Out Into Open Church Discussion

"Janitor, tap that bell!"

The Rev. C. A. Perkins, blunt, six-foot Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Hennessey, Oklahoma, faced his packed pews with set jaw.

In a moment he was saying:

"Hell's to pay unless the Christian people do something about this problem in a hurry."

He paused as the congregation broke into cheers.

The particular problem was syphilis and the occasion was no less than "Syphilis day." Mr. Perkins went on, glancing from notes written on large sheets of cardboard:

"I'm a flat-footed preacher. I don't know how to be gentle about this. All our girls are going to get married. One out of ten men and one out of ten women has syphilis. If we don't have something done about this situation there's hell to pay.

"Hides are too cheap in this country to pay us to skin anybody. We've approached this thing long enough as a moral problem. It's a scientific medical problem and it's time the good people recognized the fact."

Forum—Tired of hearing other Oklahoma preachers threaten to take the lead, Pastor Perkins had decided to wait no longer to bring this often forbidden social topic into the open forum. He discovered that some churches in the East already had taken action.

"Hiding your head in the sand never cured syphilis that we know of," he opined.

In near-by Buffalo, Oklahoma, he had witnessed a State Health Department talking-picture on syphilis, liked it. He wrote a sermon on the subject, got it approved by four local doctors and the school superintendent for a Sunday countryside rally.

Rev. C. A. Perkins put aside outmoded barriers and preached openly on the problem of syphilis

Dr. H. V. Sturgeon, popular Hennessey woman physician, and the Rev. S. B. Nichols, young black-haired Pastor of the Baptist Church across the street, enthusiastically consented to assist. Dr. C. M. Pearce, State Health Commissioner, came over with two copies of the talking-film and brought nurses to help out.

It was arranged that men and boys from the eighth grade in school up should gather in the Methodist Church and women and girls with the same age-limit should meet in the Baptist Church.

Family Affair—Hand-bills were distributed over the ten-mile surrounding rural area advertising a "Big Venereal Meeting." Farmers of this center of the rich northern Oklahoma wheat district came in broken-down automobiles, wagons and trucks. Several brought their children.

Six hundred men piled into the small, drab clapboard Methodist Church; 650 women filled every seat in the brick Baptist Church, overflowing in the aisles.

Before Mr. Perkins launched his offensive, Dr. R. Adams of the State Health Department showed the motion-picture on venereal diseases, designed for men. Across the street at the same time nurses were showing a similar film for women preparatory to hearing a talk by Doctor Sturgeon.

"You've seen these pictures," roared Mr. Perkins, who is nearly fifty and weighs 200 pounds. "They're enough to make the hair stand up on a bald head. But the best thing to think about right now is that we know something can be done.

"You and I, the church and all, will be criminals before God if we don't do something.

"We ought to get busy right now and see that our Legislature passes a bill that nobody can get married without a proper physical examination."

Brusk—His wife had had five children and she never had such an examination, "because we don't know anything about it," he revealed with a bruskness that caused a shuffling of feet. If he ever had to do it again, he announced, he would have every doctor in town on hand.

Tanned farmers, with the smell of fresh earth on their clothes, cast furtive glances as he continued:

"We spend millions of dollars to keep cows from having tuberculosis and nothing to keep our children from having syphilis and gonorrheal blindness.

"It's time we recognized the fact that the raising of children and not the raising of cattle is our biggest business."

The men broke again into spontaneous cheering. From across the way drifted muffled clapping and choruses of "Amens."

Pastor Perkins was in fine fettle now. Against his brilliant presentation of "bare facts" he attacked quack doctors and advised boys, if infected, to "run to your daddies, but don't take anybody's street-corner advice." Best way, he added by way of conclusion, was the old-fashioned "ounce of prevention" system.

Few Objections—To all of this, there was no outspoken opposition, altho a few older persons voiced mild objections.

As a direct result of the campaign in Hennessey, a group of Oklahoma City ministers headed by the Rev. I. M. Hargett, Pastor of the First Methodist Church and formerly Pastor of the Grand Avenue Temple Methodist Church of Kansas City, announced last week a similar campaign for Oklahoma City. This group plans to hold discussions at union services this summer.

Proud of his pioneering, Pastor Perkins said he would discuss his antisyphilis campaign at future evangelistic meetings.

"The frank, open discussion of the problem in churches will do more to break down the public's secretive attitude than anything of which I can think," he predicted. "I know many ministers have just been waiting for somebody to break the ice."

FAITH SLUMP: Survey Finds Religion Slipping and Seeks to Tell Why It's Losing

How much is religion slipping in the United States?

To find out, the Psychological Corporation of New York, affiliated with the American Psychological Association, dispatched 463 trained interviewers to sixty towns and cities in forty States where they talked with 5,000 persons.

Altho other questions were asked, that

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concerning religion provoked exceptional interest. It was divided into two parts:

1. Do you think that religion is losing or gaining influence in the United States?
2. Do you think religion should have more influence in the United States?

Of those interrogated, 44 per cent. believed that the prestige of religion was waning, 13 per cent. said it was static and 34 per cent. said it was strengthening its influence.

To the second question, 76 per cent. of those interviewed said that religion should have more influence in the country.

Blocs—In each locality the interviews were placed in four economic groups: 10 per cent. in A-group, families with incomes of $4,000 or more; 30 per cent. in B-group, $2,000 to $4,000 incomes; 40 per cent. in C-group, $1,000 to $2,000; 20 per cent. in D-group, incomes below $1,000.

To the question whether religion was losing or gaining influence in the United States, the survey recorded these answers:

	Total	Economic Groups A	B	C	D
	%	%	%	%	%
Losing	44	42	43	45	44
Gaining	34	33	35	33	36
Neither	13	16	13	13	11
Don't know	9	9	9	9	9

To the question whether religion should have more influence in the United States, the answers were:

	Total	Economic Groups A	B	C	D
	%	%	%	%	%
Yes	76	70	75	77	82
No	16	20	18	16	9
Don't know	8	10	7	7	9

Remarks—Appended to this table was the following comment of surveyors:

"These broad questions, even tho general and leading in character, have an important significance. They indicate that a certain idealism and searching for higher things still exists.

"Note that the A- and B-groups, the intellectual, well-to-do people from whom leadership should be expected, are more skeptical about religion than are the lower economic C- and D-groups, a bad omen."

Disclosing the results of the survey, Dr. Henry C. Link, director of the corporation and author of the best-seller, "The Return to Religion," commented:

"In the face of a felt need for religion by so great a majority, the belief that the influence of religion is waning can mean but one thing—that the necessary religious leadership is lacking. The church and the ministry, in so far as they represent the official leaders of religion, have been found wanting."

These leaders have failed, Doctor Link contended, in their acceptance of "the false idols of our modern civilization." He called liberal education and a liberal mind the "most destructive" influence in this country.

ON & ON: At 21st Hour Weather Dampens Marathon-Preaching Pastor's Vocal Cords

Mounting the pulpit of Los Angeles's Immanu-El Temple where he is Apostolic Pastor, the Rev. A. Earl Lee, thirty-nine and dapper, announced last Sunday he would preach continuously for sixty hours to set a world record. Topic of his sermon was to be "The Deity of God in Jesus Christ," which, preached directly from the Bible without notes, would range in subject matter from Genesis to Revelation.

Nattily dressed in sports-clothes, he was attended by a trained nurse and a dietitian. He stepped gingerly before the microphone, Bible opened in the palm of his left hand, raised his right hand and swept the packed temple with his eyes.

Drones—As the hours ticked away, the Rev. Mr. Lee's voice sagged with fatigue and he retired with a portable microphone to his study for an alcohol rub-down.

Back in the pulpit, he kept up the monolog, occasionally gargling his throat, but as the twentieth hour went by it was evident his voice was wearing to a whisper. As his nurse clocked him on the twenty-first hour, he stepped down, announced weakly he was through. Damp weather, he explained, had affected his vocal cords.

Nevertheless, he said proudly, he had set his record, anyway.

Previously, he said, some one he failed to identify had preached for only seventeen hours.

Education

CRUEL WORLD: But 1937's College Grads Think They'll Find Jobs More Plentiful

June, the month of diploma passing and teary campus farewells, also is the time when mortar-boarded graduates and happy fathers and mothers sit back to ask themselves:

Was it all worth while? Was the four-year course practical enough? Has our son grasped his full opportunities? What is his chance of success and what are his material prospects?

On the eve of scores of graduation ceremonies last week, THE LITERARY DIGEST queried faculty and student figures of key colleges, found much to answer these questions in 1937. Supplementing a purely job-prospect inquiry (LITERARY DIGEST, May 15), this survey developed these conclusions:

1. College definitely was worth the time and cost.
2. Opinion was divided as to whether courses were too theoretical or too practical.
3. Most students felt they had not availed themselves fully of opportunities.
4. Chances of success for the 1937 graduates are much better with business edging out professions as a career.

College by college, the survey showed:

University of Chicago: Senior Class President Robert H. Bethke finds graduates, even those who have plugged away at part-time jobs, would willingly go through college again. Of the senior class of more than 400, choices will be: Business, 100; law, sixty; teaching, eighty-five; graduate work in chemistry, law or business, 100; matrimony, twenty-five. The trend here decidedly is toward professions. The graduate is optimistic about possibilities of finding "career-centered opportunity" upon graduating, but pessimistic about the political and sociological future of good old capitalism.

Princeton: General opinion at Princeton is that an education received here is worth the time and cost. A good number of graduates are going into the professions. Opportunities for success are believed better this year. Current graduates seem to be optimistic.

Yale: Chairman Potter Stewart of *The Yale Daily News* summed up the situation

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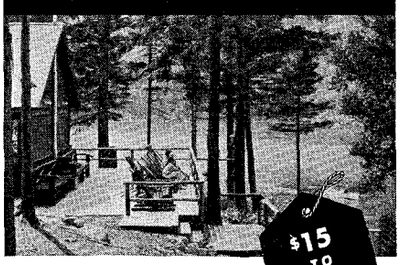

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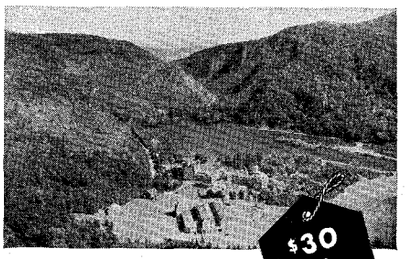

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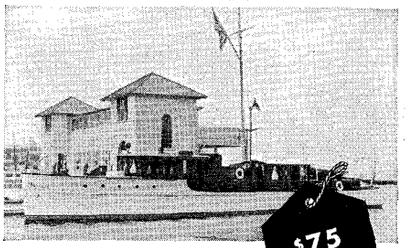

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tersely: "Perhaps the formal education has not been worth the cost, but the liberal education of the last four years has. Belief is that education received was too theoretical; a minority of students grasped the opportunities afforded them. Chances of success are better than formerly, with business and law attracting most students."

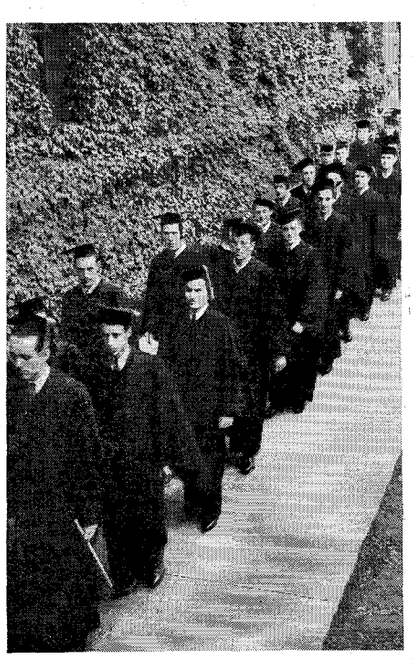
University of Southern California: Student Editor Lionel Van Deerlin feels that most of this year's graduates expect their education to pay dividends eventually. Chances for success, he feels definitely, are improved. Graduates are stepping into more and better jobs, whereas those in depression years were lucky to get any. The present class can select positions in chosen fields. The trend is toward the professions, especially during the past year or two.

Temple University: Nearly 50 per cent. of Temple students work their way through and feel every cent spent will be repaid in opportunities. Chances of success are much better. Graduates are sticking to fields for which they were prepared. School of Commerce, of course, has the biggest enrolment, but the trend is toward professions.

A new field—labor organizing—is attracting many Temple students. Many are C.I.O. organizers and set up accounting systems, work in offices when a new union gains control and do picket duty to earn extra money.

University of Nevada: The fields of engineering, education, business and agriculture, in order named, are attracting most Nevada graduates this year. Students who have become conscious of an oversupply of doctors and lawyers are turning away from those professions. Perhaps there is one student in 100 in Reno who escorts divorce-seekers for profits.

Harvard: Consensus seems to be that education was worth the cost and time. General opinion, however, is that many courses are too theoretical. Chances of success after graduation are regarded as a little better than a few years ago. Most of the graduates are going into business. The trend is not toward the professions, unless Government can be considered a profession. The current graduate is optimistic, but also realistic.


Keystone
They march toward a business world . . . today's graduates scorn overcrowded professions

University of Alabama: Seniors feel their education most definitely has been worth while, complain little of courses being too long, too theoretical or too practical. They believe that chances for success after graduation are much better. Business and industry are attracting most graduates.

University of Denver: Student Editor Herrick Roth says 1937 seniors regard courses as not too long, but too theoretical. The students apparently seldom utilize their full opportunities. Chances for success believed better. Most graduates still attracted to the professions. Optimistic, now that the depression is regarded as over, many of them had jobs during their senior year, have lined up full-time positions after graduation.

University of Virginia: Some seniors think the course is too long. A few might wish something a little more practical. Students as a whole did not make the most of their educational opportunities. This year's graduates are attracted definitely to the fields of sales, junior-executive training and public service as a career. There have been plenty of available jobs. Fewer graduates are interested in professions than formerly. Chances for success are better this year than ever before.

University of California: Editor James Doyle says the immediate or even the eventual cash value of an education probably is not worth the cost. Culturally, it is worth more than the price paid and time involved. Business is attracting largest proportion of this year's class, with engineering, teaching, law and medicine following.

University of Washington: Dean of Men Herbert T. Condon says many of the better students in the cultural-study group think they could have done it in three years. Those in technological courses think they should have had more time. Chances for success are much better. More students have been placed in jobs this year than ever before.

Fields attracting most graduates are: non-technical — sociological professions, teaching, dramatics, art and radio work; technological—chemical engineering, aeronautical engineering, fisheries and forestry, home economics and nursing.

University of Arizona: Dean Arthur H. Otis believes the average student confused, unable to comprehend the value of an education. The majority of courses are theoretical and their practical side is not taught nor emphasized enough. He believes there is too much crowded into courses leading to degrees, that the average student realizes he has been hurried. The professions are attracting the majority, but industry and business are attracting more and more from the professions after graduation.

University of Pittsburgh: More than 60 per cent. of students polled by *The Pitt Panther* said their only regrets were that they were not just starting, instead of ending their courses, that they had not taken more "cultural" courses, that they had neglected the social-science course, or that they had not taken "split" majors—work in two related fields.

Job opportunities are 50 per cent. better this year than last.

University of North Carolina: A consensus of statements by the dean of students, President and Vice-President of student body, Dean of the College of Arts and

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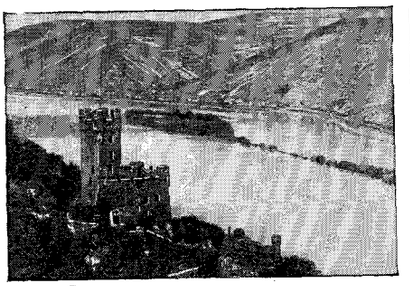

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Sciences shows that North Carolina men think their education worth its cost, not too long nor too practical. The trend is toward business rather than the professions, but government career-work is gaining ground. Is the graduate generally pessimistic or optimistic?—Deans said optimistic; students, pessimistic.

OFF THE SHELF: Film Versions of Literary Classics Cause Public Library Runs

Since the motion-picture took to the literary classics, children—adults, too—have been beating a path from the flicker-houses to the libraries. It's a new development in juvenile education which is impressing educators everywhere.

The film version of "The Last of the Mohicans," for example, caused a run on the forty-five branches of the New York Public Library. "The Three Musketeers" brought there the greatest stampede ever experienced over a single book, also started a demand on related subjects. "A Tale of Two Cities" was a close second, and, with "David Copperfield," led youngsters to read other Charles Dickens books. "Mutiny on the Bounty" stimulated interest in other sea stories.

"The Little Colonel" and "Treasure Island" had children flocking to Boston suburban libraries, according to a survey made by Louis M. Lyons in the Boston *Sunday Globe*.

Check—In fact, Boston branch librarians report that the main library can tell from the requests for books from the branches just what movies are being shown in each district of the city.

In Cleveland, the Public Library has found it advantageous to promote circulation by tying in its service with current film programs.

Heeding this new vogue, libraries all over the country are keeping an eye cocked for coming movies, buy up extra copies of the source-book and have them ready to meet a sure-fire demand.

The importance of this has been realized by the film-distributer, for to-day one of the first duties of the local movie representative upon receipt of press-sheets is to assist the public libraries.

Movie demand for certain books, however, is just a flash in the pan, in the opinion of some, because the books themselves are held not to appeal to modern young appetites. Examples are "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "The Little Colonel." (Librarians think the demand was spurred by nostalgic parents and teachers.)

Division—There is, indeed, a wide division of opinion as to the net stimulative effect of films upon reading. Among those who are positive of their stimulation is Anne Carroll Moore, Director of Children's Books at the New York Public Library. After seeing such films as "Mary of Scotland" and "Beloved Enemy," boys and girls read historical sources, she finds.

Among those who are scornful of movie-stimulated reading are librarians who prefer that children (and grown-ups alike) come to the library on lure of the books alone. However, both Miss Esther Johnston, Librarian of New York's Central Circulation Branch, and Miss Marjorie Burbank, Assistant to the Superintendent of Children's Works there, voice a figurative "hooey." "Who cares what causes

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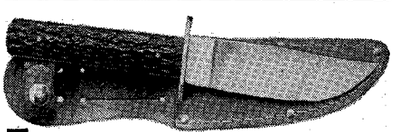

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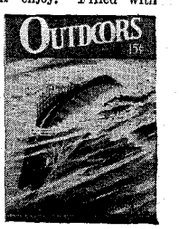

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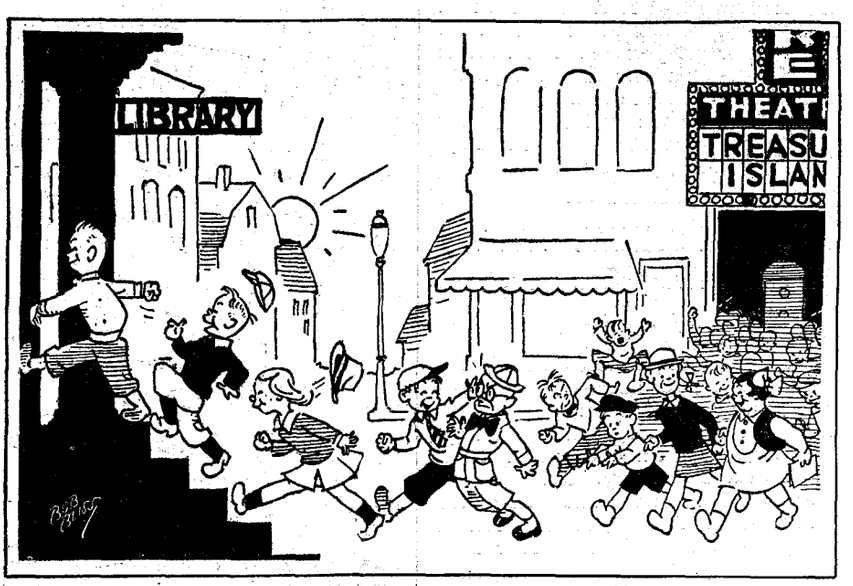

"MOVIE FANS RACING FOR MORE INFORMATION"

—Bob Bliss in Boston Globe

them to read," said one, "if they really read?"

The principal bad effect of filming literary classics, as some librarians see it, is that some children think they don't have to read the book if they've seen the movie. Another is that the changes made in a book often confuse them. As a rule, children object strenuously to changes made in movie-versions, declare they like the book better even tho they hadn't read it until after viewing the picture. They vigorously disapproved of changes made in "A Tale of Two Cities."

Guidance—With the growth of juvenile interest in filmed literary classics has spread from State to State that other innovation: Children's film programs. Today, scores of institutions, clubs, schools, newspapers and magazines draw up lists to guide parents as to what pictures to let their children see.

This semicensorship of the Hollywood industry has had a big effect upon the choice of film subjects for children.

Movie companies are very coöperative, give stills for exhibition at schools, *etc.* Usually, they will admit frankly when a certain picture is not for children.

Press

VOLCANIC EDITORS: The CCC Newsmen Work on Edge of Crater and Everywhere Else

"Say, boss, the Sports Editor just fell in the volcano!"

That hasn't happened yet, but the staff of the latest publication of the Civilian Conservation Corps is ready for any emergency. Not unusual, either, when you realize that the editorial offices of the sheet are on the edge of Kilauea's (4,040 feet) often-erupting crater in Hawaii. There are 817 CCC men on the islands.

They've just set up office for *Ka Leo Ka Makani O Kamuela,* paper for Waimea CCC camp.

Something like six out of every hundred members participate in editing and publishing camp-papers and magazines. Some are daily, others weekly, semimonthly and monthly. Circulating among the 325,000 (sometimes more, sometimes fewer) members are 1,700 papers with a total estimated circulation of over 500,000 copies monthly.

The boys like their own sheets, are avid readers of every item. Ten men comprise the average staff. There's a rapid turnover of editors because eight months is the stay in one camp of the average youth.

Saucy—CCC papers are strong on saucy, pungent titles. A few are: *Flickertail Crier, Pickup, Mountain Yodel, Gully Growler, Handshaker, Tobacco Road, Bog-Trotter, Apple-Knocker, Barracks Bag, Ocean-Pond, Trade-Wind, Take-Five, Grapevine Sound-Off, The Jeep Dog-House, Zigzag Zephyr, The Gully Nipper, Cross-Country Cruiser, Ditch Diggers' Gazette.*

Some papers are mimeographed on 8½ x 11-inch sheets, run from ten to twenty-five pages. Others are printed on 12 x 18 paper, running from four to eight pages.

One paper has this to say of its editorial policy: "NEWSY—NOSEY—NUTTY."

About three-fourths of the editors have had experience on high-school publications.

CCC journalism is in a healthy state. Cost of maintaining the various camp-papers is low. Mimeographed papers cost from $5 to $10 an issue of 200. The printed papers cost from $8 to $25 an issue of 200. They are not financed with government funds but pay for themselves.

There are journalism classes as part of the CCC educational program. These govern the general procedure, altho the output ranges itself as a cross between small-town and high-school papers. Leading features are the Chaplain's page, sports, camp visitors, accidents and mascots. Special issues are devoted to holidays such as anniversaries, Mothers' day, Christmas, Thanksgiving, Easter and Memorial day.

Some of the papers ask for short-story or poetry contributions. They also like humorous outpourings of the men, greetings and farewells to members. Others include book reviews, social news and historical data.

As a result of their experience a number of the boys have obtained regular newspaper jobs. Marshall Davis, an artist, has seen his CCC drawings used in *Scribner's* and *The Christian Science Monitor.* He is making a good living with his drawings in New York City.

Another boy, Anthony March, wrote so well that he was taken to Washington by *Happy Days,* the "authorized weekly newspaper of the Civilian Conservation Corps" with a weekly circulation of 48,000 copies at five cents each.

Veteran—This publication is edited by Melvin Ryder and Ray Hoyt. The former, a veteran of city rooms, once worked on the AEF War-time newspaper *The Stars and Stripes.* The first issue of *Happy Days* was printed in ten days in May, 1933. First only the boys bought it; now camp officials generally purchase the papers out of exchange funds, distribute them to the men. A few youths subscribe to the paper after leaving the camps.

Happy Days maintains a CCC press-association with offices on the third floor of the Washington *News* Building. The publication has an editorial staff of eight, entire personnel of twenty-five. It gives press-cards to those who have had three stories printed in the paper.

Ryder and Hoyt keep a paternal eye peeled for development of CCC writing talent. Editors of the various camp-sheets watch *Happy Days* eagerly. The reason is that every week the big publication grades the camp-publications *via* the star system. Most of the camp-papers just deal with their own group, altho a few cover an entire CCC district.

Dispute—Several months ago *Happy Days* became involved in a dispute with *Champion of Youth.* Charges of "un-American propaganda" were hurled and Robert Fechner, CCC Director, was asked to "repudiate" *Happy Days.*

Fechner insisted that the publication had no official connection with the Government. This government attitude bears out the expression in the paper's mast-head:

> A Newspaper for the CCC, by the CCC.
> The CCC—Builder of Men.
> *Happy Days* is an independent national newspaper, published every Saturday in the interest of the Civilian Conservation Corps. It is neither financed by the Government, nor circumscribed by governmental dictation.

As one of its latest ventures *Happy Days* managed to get out an anniversary issue of more than 100,000 copies.

A cartoon from the CCC's "Happy Days" gives evidence of a desire to keep up with the times

—Rank in Happy Days

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Off-Side

Topsy-Turvy—Benjamin Sexton, thirty-three-year-old brewers' truck-driver of Sidcup, England, has found to his amazement that most of his insides are upside down. His heart is on the wrong side as well but he's perfectly healthy.

* * *

Mustache—Michael Parykasza asked $1,000 in a Chicago court because a couple of friends had cut off his fourteen-inch mustache. He asserted that he was a violinist and his mustache attracted more people to receptions than his playing. Judge Smith of the Racine Avenue Court couldn't see it that way, found the hirsute twirlers to be worth only $5.

* * *

Parade—The old-home-week parade at Forty Fort, Pennsylvania, was so long that it stretched from one end of Main Street to the other, then into the neighboring Borough of Wyoming.

* * *

Homesick—A hiker on a recent "cracked-wheat derby" in Upstate New York decided to run home one night while the others rested. In dismay he found his wife had gone to join him. So he had to telephone her to pick him up at home so he could join the other hikers next morning.

* * *

Visitor—Mrs. J. D. Wallace of Ely, Nevada, wanted to be friendly to a stray animal she found in her back yard. He snapped at her and fled. Neighbors told her it was a coyote, not a dog.

* * *

Flier—One of twenty-four cowbirds, banded and released in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, flew approximately 2,000 miles by instinct to its home at Waukegan, Illinois. Experts in the Middle West believed most of the homing birds eventually would turn up.

* * *

Operation—Dr. J. H. Atherton of Guthrie, Oklahoma, claims to have performed the highest operation on record. In an air-plane at an altitude of 6,000 feet he removed the tonsils of Dorothy June Simonson, twenty-two-year-old nurse.

* * *

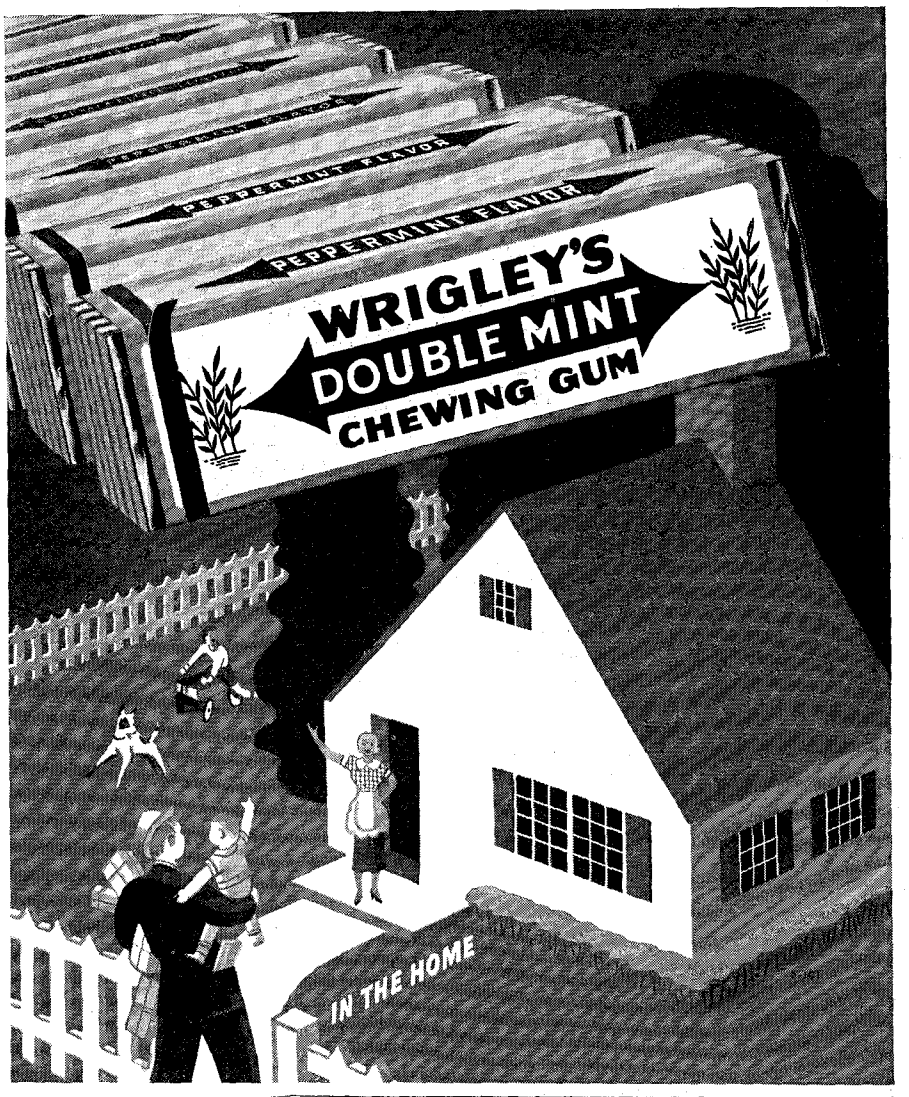
Barometer—Dr. E. Bidwell of Sioux City swears by a pet toad as the best weather-barometer. "When the toad draws back into its hold and covers itself up, you may look for colder weather," he declares. But when the toad wants more hamburger, warm days are in sight.

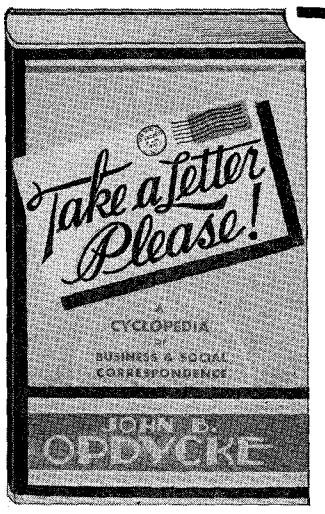
* * *

Present—Seventeen-year-old Nestie Lee of Fremont, Ohio, invited President Roosevelt to attend her graduation. The Chief Executive sent his regrets but enclosed $1, congratulated her on her graduation and extended good wishes to the remainder of the class.

* * *

Wedding—The twenty-four-year-old Zehr triplets—Doris, Dora and Dorothy—were married at the same time in the small Methodist Episcopal Church at Carthage, New York. They married three farmers, two of them brothers. Three more Zehr sisters, Delia, Pearl and Florence, served as attendants.





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BATTER UP, BATTER DOWN: BEAN-BALL

Cochrane's Mishap Revives Agitation for Baseball Helmets

The average big-league pitcher fogs his fast ball from pitching-box to home plate at better than 120 miles an hour.

That few big-league players have been seriously injured and no more than one killed by a pitched ball is a major baseball mystery. Probable explanation: super-developed reflexes that almost invariably make a batter duck out of danger.

Baseball's lone fatality was Raymond Chapman, twenty-nine-year-old star short-stop of the Cleveland Indians, who died of a fractured skull on August 17, 1920, the night after he was hit by the New York Yankees' "submarine" pitcher, Carl Mays.

Recovering in a New York City hospital from a nearly fatal skull-fracture suffered three weeks ago under circumstances strangely similar to Chapman's, Gordon Stanley ("Mickey") Cochrane, thirty-four-year-old catcher and manager of the Detroit Tigers, was this week the focal point for a new campaign against pitching casualties.

"Duster"—Both men had planned to retire as players at the end of the season. Both were injured in the fifth inning of a game with the New York Yankees, Chapman at the Polo Grounds, Cochrane at the Yankee Stadium.

Like Chapman, Cochrane is known in the American League as an "inside hitter." That is, he stands as close to the plate as possible, in a slightly crouching position. A pitcher's tactics against an "inside hitter" are to throw "inside balls," forcing the batter to step back.

Chapman and Cochrane were hit with high, fast "inside balls" of a brand monotonously familiar to them during their twelve- and fifteen-year careers. Why didn't they duck, or step away, as they had done automatically, hundreds of times before?

Some observers believed Chapman's spiked shoes caught momentarily, preventing him from moving. In Cochrane's case, the ball pitched by Irving ("Bump") Hadley took an unexpected swerve, or the Detroit player lost sight of it in the glare. Possibly both men "froze," a reflex phenomenon common to boxers, who often see a punch coming yet can do nothing to avoid it.

Blameless—Bitter feeling against Pitcher Mays ran high for a few days after Chapman's death, eventually disappeared when players and fans realized it was an accident. Spectators applauded Mays exactly a week after the accident when he took his regular turn on the mound and shut out the Detroit Tigers, ten to nothing.

Despite Cochrane's tremendous popularity, his serious injury has not even temporarily turned feeling against Pitcher Hadley. Genial, well liked, Hadley had not hit a batter in three years.

Immediate reaction to both injuries was the suggestion that batters wear a helmet as protection against wild pitches and against the intentional "bean-ball" or "dust-off" throws.

For the first time in organized baseball history, Cedar Rapids and Des Moines, of the Western League, ten days ago experimented with polo-helmets in a regulation game. The consensus was that the polo-type headgear is too heavy, but that the idea is sound.

"Wonderful!"—Enthused Frank Piet, Des Moines third-baseman: "It's wonderful, it's marvelous!" Piet hit two home runs to lead his team to a ten-to-nine victory.

Most potent major-league advocate of helmets for batters is seventy-four-year-old Cornelius ("Connie Mack") McGillicuddy, Manager of the Philadelphia Athletics. Two days after the Cochrane incident, Mack experimented with polo-helmets in batting practise, was highly pleased with results.

Clark Griffith, the sixty-seven-year-old President of the Washington Senators, "strongly favors pneumatic helmets for batters."

Gerald P. Nugent, owner of the Philadelphia National League Club, thinks "it should be optional with players whether to wear some form of helmet or headgear while at bat. One that would be light in weight and afford the greatest freedom in movement, besides giving protection, would be most desirable."

Charles W. Dressen, Manager of the Cincinnati Reds, favors "all sorts of protection for a player" and believes "something could be arranged or made of the same material a jockey wears."

Sissified—William Harridge, President of the American League, says: "The use of a helmet for batters must be given careful consideration by a rules committee."

In general, however, opinion is strong against the adoption of any type of helmet. The players wouldn't wear them. Too cumbersome; sissified.

"Accidents of the Cochrane nature," says Al Todd, Pittsburgh Pirates' catcher, "are an unfortunate risk of the business."

Tho serious injuries from pitched balls are rare, players are hit frequently, usually on the body or arms. National League batters were hit 219 times last season, American Leaguers 194. Best target in major-league baseball last year was Frank Peter Joseph Crosetti, New York Yankees' short-stop, who was hit twelve times.

When he played first base for the old Baltimore Orioles of 1896, Hugh Jennings set a record by being hit forty-nine times in 129 games. Art Fletcher, former New York Giant now coaching the Yankees, forgot to duck the same number of times in 153 games of the 1917 season.

Adept—Considering the fact that the hard, five-ounce baseballs zip, zoom and gyrate unbelievably at a two-mile-a-minute clip, big-league players are amazingly adept at not being hit. On the average, a team goes through its 154-game schedule with only thirty minor casualties from pitched balls.

Poor light, bad background and "frozen reflexes" account for some players' being hit. Wrong guessing accounts for others.

"The best way to get a good hitter hurt at the plate with a smart pitcher pitching," says Burleigh Grimes, Brooklyn Dodgers Manager and former pitcher, "is to try and pick the ball that is being pitched.

"It might be possible that the pitch that Cochrane was hit with was opposite to what the coach had called or told him to look for."

Just how many batters are hit deliberately is a question that not even umpires can answer. For throwing a "bean-ball" pitchers are subject to heavy fines and suspension.

But because a pitcher's intention can not be proved definitely, the "bean-ball" rules seldom are invoked.

Feller—"I do not know of any pitcher in the game to-day who would deliberately throw at the head of a fellow player," saws Robert ("Bob") Quinn, President of the Boston Bees.

Counters Henry ("Hank") Greenberg, first-baseman of the Detroit Tigers: "bean-ball pitching . . . is a daily occurrence."

"Strengthening the bean-ball pitching

Acme

Philadelphia "A's" "Bob" Johnson and "Wally" Moses inspect and approve new bean-ball bonnets

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rule," philosophizes "Bob" Feller, sensational eighteen-year-old Cleveland Indians' pitcher, "will not prevent the hitting of a batter by a pitcher any more than a pitcher's being hit by a batted ball."

Since antibean-ball legislation is ineffective, probably the most sensible method of eliminating it was advanced by Clark Griffith.

"I think the ball-players themselves should meet," says the Senators' boss, "and agree, once and for all, to stop pitching the dusting-off ball. It is my opinion that ball-players would gladly subscribe to such a plan."

FREE-FOR-ALL: Tho Golf's Open Matches Pros and Amateurs, Money-Players Usually Win

Hardest-to-get golf trophies in this country are the gold medal and silver urn awarded to the winner of the United States Open Championship.

Because a top-notch golfer suddenly may go off his game, while a second-rater unexpectedly may "get hot" in the thirty-six-hole qualifying and seventy-two-hole championship rounds, the Open's medal and urn often have been copped by comparatively obscure players.

The chances are that the winner of this year's Open, which started this Thursday and ends on Saturday at the Oakland Hills Country Club in Birmingham, Michigan, will be one of golf's relative "unknowns." Tho the tournament is open to both professionals and amateurs, 1937's champion probably will be a money-player.

Few Amateurs—In the forty official Opens since 1895, only five amateurs have won: Francis Ouimet, Jerome D. Travers, Charles E. ("Chick") Evans, Jr., Robert Tyre ("Bobby") Jones, Jr., and Johnny Goodman. Tho the championship virtually has been monopolized by pros, none of them ever has approached the record established by Jones before his retirement in 1930.

The only other player in Open history who won four times was Willie Anderson (1901, 1903, 1904, 1905). Anderson also holds the distinction of making the worst score of any winner, 331 strokes for seventy-two holes in the 1901 event, a showing partly explained by his stubbornness in playing the gutta-percha ball.

Jones not only won four Opens (1923, 1926, 1929, 1930) but was runner-up in 1922, 1924, 1925 and 1928.

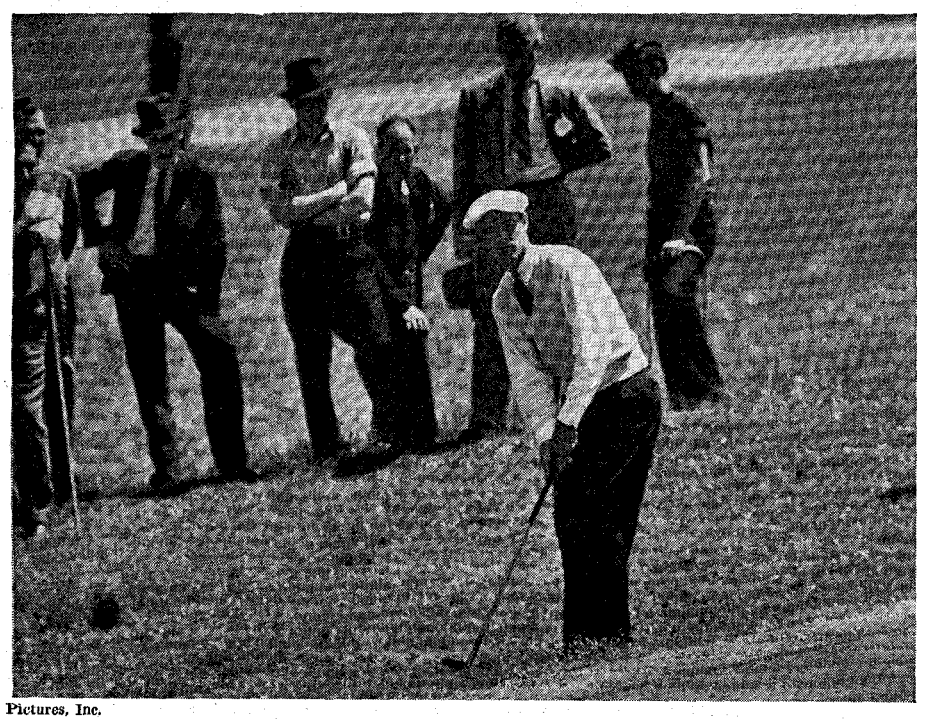
Limited—The Open is limited to professionals and amateurs with handicaps not exceeding three strokes. First stumbling-stone is the thirty-six-hole qualifying play. This year, as last, the starting field is held to 170 golfers.

Since thirty-two players automatically qualified because they made the lowest scores in the 1936 Open and one other, Al Watrous, because he is home professional at Oakland Hills, qualifying rounds this year meant slicing the entry-list of 1,404 down to 137 eligibles.

The first seven eligibles qualified last month at Los Angeles, San Francisco and Tacoma. Last week, on thirty other official qualifying courses from Providence to Fort Worth, 1,302 golfers fought it out for the 130 remaining places.

Odds—Held at ten to one for the 1937 Open as play starts are Harry Cooper, Chicago pro who was runner-up last year, Sam Snead, Byron Nelson, Ralph Guldahl and Henry Picard. At fifteen to one: Tony Manero, dapper Italian pro who last year won the title with a 282, lowest score ever made in a British or American Open championship; Densmore Shute of Braeburn, Massachusetts, who a fortnight ago successfully defended his Professional Golfers' Association crown; Gene Sarazen, Johnny Revolta, Harold ("Jug") McSpaden, Paul Runyan, Ky Laffoon, Victor Ghezzi, Ed Dudley, Jimmy Hines, Jimmy Thomson, Al Watrous, Lawson Little, Horton Smith and Olin Dutra. All are professionals.

Best of the twenty-eight amateurs competing against the game's 142 top professionals are Johnny Goodman, blond Omaha player who won in 1933, and Charlie Kocsis, University of Michigan student who captured the Intercollegiate championship last year.



Pictures, Inc.

Golf kibitzers watch Densmore Shute win the P.G.A. . . . make him a 15-to-1 shot for the Open

Professionals in the Open compete for $5,000 in cash. First place is worth $1,000, second $750, third $650, fourth $550. Lowest cash award is $50, given to the five pros finishing sixteenth to twentieth. Amateurs compete only for the medal and custody of the championship cup for one year. A second medal is awarded to the lowest amateur scorer.

Unlike the Amateur, which is played on a hole-by-hole basis, the Open championship goes to the player making the lowest score for the seventy-two holes. Since 1898, when medal-play was inaugurated, eleven of the thirty-seven Opens have ended in ties, necessitating play-offs.

NO LONE STARS: There'll Be Big-Timers in Side-Show Games at Texas Fair

As necessary to the success of a modern exposition as scientific exhibits is an elaborate sports program, preferably studded with well-known amateur athletes.

Most ambitious sports side-show of the current fair season is that incorporated in the Pan-American Exposition, which opens at Dallas, Texas, this Saturday and will run until the last day of October.

Patterned after the Olympic Games, Dallas's athletic *olla podrida* will involve twenty-one Republics and Dominions of North, South and Central America. Three hundred athletes, mostly amateurs, will compete in bicycle, automobile and outboard motor-boat races, track and field, soccer, wrestling, boxing, football and horseshoe-pitching.

High light of the four and one-half month program is the competition in track and field, scheduled for July 15, 16, 17 and 18. Selection of the United States team will be based on results of the National A.A.U. championships at Milwaukee, July 2 and 3.

Best of the thirty-man track-and-field squad representing South America are the Argentine marathoners, Juan Zabala, 1932 Olympic champion, and José Ribas, world record-holder at twenty miles.

Prize—Biggest purse for professionals will be offered winners of the 300-mile road-race around the Exposition grounds. Of the total of $17,500 prize-money, $7,500 will go to the winner, $3,000 to the second fastest driver, $2,000 to third and $1,000 to fourth. Thirty-six drivers from both continents will race around the two-mile course on August 1.

Best bet for the Pan-American team boxing championships on August 12, 13 and 14, is Argentina, celebrated in professional heavy-weight circles for producing Luis Angel Firpo, "Wild Bull of the Pampas." The Argentine's Olympic boxers placed second to Germany in the 1936 Games.

Sports finale of the Exposition will be a twenty-three-game schedule of college and high-school football-games in the massive Cotton Bowl Stadium. Opening game, on September 6, will match an all-star college team with the professional Chicago Bears.

Promoter—Master mind of the Exposition's sports program is forty-one-year-old George Preston Marshall, whose most recent venture was the Roosevelt Raceway on Long Island. First renewal of the famed Vanderbilt Cup road-race on the $1,000,000 Roosevelt track last October grossed approximately $250,000.

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MAKING LITTLE ONES OUT OF BIG ONES

Chain-Store Taxes May Help Small Shop, But Hit Buyer

In Washington, last week, Pennsylvania's "labor governor," George Howard Earle (born George Hussey Earle, 3d) thundered before the aristocratic Southern Society:

"If our system of democratic government is to survive, we must have a great many little capitalists, not just a few big ones."

In Pennsylvania, even as the blue-blooded Governor spoke, the process of making little ones out of big ones was getting under way with a vengeance. More than 200 hapless chain stores frosted their windows, hung out signs:

THIS STORE CLOSED
BY THE STATE STORE TAX,
THROWING MORE
MEN OUT OF WORK.

The "State store tax" which precipitated these closings (Earle had jammed it through as "must" legislation, had not yet signed it) imposes a $1 minimum annual levy on the Keystone State's 129,700 retail stores and theaters, graduates rates from $5 on chains of fewer than five stores to $500 on chains having more than 500 units in the State.

One-Sided—Overnight, the David and Goliath struggle between the independent and the chain enterprise became a one-sided affair in which the "little guy" at last was going to have his innings at the expense of the "big guy."

Biggest of the "big guys" in Pennsylvania is, of course, the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., which operates approximately 2,100 units of the State's total of 11,200 chain stores and corners a substantial portion of the $610,000,000 business done annually by the chains. (Independents number 113,000, do 68 per cent. of the retail business.)

A levy of $500 on each of its 2,100 units would cost the A. & P. more than $1,000,000 annually, so the Company pulled down blinds in eighty stores at once, pondered imposing a death sentence on every other unit in the State which did not show enough profit to cover the $500 tax.

So closely following the United States Supreme Court's validation of the late Huey Long's similar imposts on Louisiana chains, the Pennsylvania development gave A. & P. executives a bad week. (In Louisiana, the Company faces an annual tax of about $7,500,000.)

Bolted—Hit hard also was the American Stores Co., which stands to pay a license tax of more than $850,000 on its 1,700 stores in the Quaker State. Executives locked and bolted seventy-two stores, cut their potential tax bill by $35,000. The P. H. Butler Co., shut down fifty of its 200 stores, indicated fifty more might go. The Kroger Grocery & Baking Co., which operates 155 stores, planned to close none.

To circumvent the chain-store tax by less drastic means, executives pondered the idea of selling some 3,000 units to store-managers, contemplated the possibility, also, of bulking non-profitable establishments into formidable supermarkets. Hammering together giant supermarkets would serve the double purpose of reducing taxation and bedeviling small, independent merchants with an even more ruthless type of competition.

This frightening possibility tended to dull any elation corner-grocers might feel over the plight of their chain competitors. Some even viewed the tax against chains in twenty-two States (Literary Digest, May 29) as a potential boomerang.

In the first place, independent food shops have held their own nicely against encroachment by chains for the past several years by banding into voluntary chains and buying cooperatively. By improving service and offering credit, they had neutralized advantages enjoyed by large-scale chain operators.

Government sources, for example, revealed last week that independent food stores gained materially at the expense of chain-store competitors in recent months. Chains could show only a 4 per cent. increase over 1936 sales. Gains by independents were more than double this amount.

Wide World

Pennsylvania's Governor Earle . . . his democratic ideals can not abide butter-and-egg men

Juggernauts — While independents had shown they could meet the multiple chain store on its own terms, their hearts sank at the prospect of breaking a lance with amply capitalized supermarket Juggernauts.

Born as a means of combating the chain store and of supplying bargain prices during the depression, supermarkets have grown usually in spacious quarters on outskirts of communities. Supermarkets (Literary Digest, Sept. 19) such as the Trading Post in Chicago gross $3,000,000 yearly, serve more than 50,000 bargain-hungry housewives weekly.

The Pennsylvania Grocers' Association alined itself against the chain-store tax, fought shoulder to shoulder with the chains in the futile effort to block it. More than $100,000 was spent on advertising opposing the tax.

While Pennsylvania and Georgia are the latest States to tax chain stores, California and Maine repealed their store-tax laws within the past year.

Organized consumers' organizations uniformly look with suspicion on efforts to curb chain establishments.

Last week, the Consumers' Union of the U. S., Inc., which supplies its 40,000 members with monthly reports on the quality of merchandise, declared through its Director, Arthur Kallet:

"Chain-store taxes will hit the consumers' pocket in the long run. Salvation of the little fellow is not taxation against the big fellow but cooperative organization to fight the chains on their own ground."

SCRAP SCRAP: Junked Iron and Steel Exported for Rearmament Becomes Washington Issue

Several months ago scrap-iron and worn steel, the lowly cast-off stuff which the junk-man retrieves from empty lots and salvages from factories, blossomed into an issue at Washington. Like other issues, it had its sponsors, lobbyists and fight for public opinion.

Crux of the scrap issue is the contention that the accelerating flow of American scrap abroad is helping foreign nations arm, thereby depleting America of a natural resource. (Steel producers remelt scrap, find it constitutes 60 per cent. of their raw materials). The aim of those who argued in this way was to obtain Federal legislation to license scrap exports. Senator Schwellenbach (Democrat, of Washington) and Representative Kopplemann (Democrat, of Connecticut) introduced bills seeking a virtual embargo.

The Independent Steel and Iron Producers' Committee on Scrap, representing 800-odd producers and fabricators of steel, jumped into the fray as ardent champions of an embargo, hired former Governor Brann of Maine to lobby for them, retained Donald Richberg, former NRA Administrator, as counsel.

Cartel—The $300,000,000 scrap industry (Literary Digest, April 3) banded in the effective Institute of Scrap-Iron and Steel, prepared to swing 200,000 junk-collectors and their families against the embargo bills. The real reason for the embargo campaign was not patriotism, scrap men jeered, but an effort to drive prices down.

Last year, 2,000,000 tons of scrap flowed abroad, less than seven per cent. of the 30,000,000 tons remelted in America. If foes of exports succeed in bottling up these 2,000,000 tons in America, the price a ton would sink about $3 (it is now $19 at Pittsburgh), would provide a rough $90,000,000 saving for the steel industry. Furthermore, the scrap men asked, why pick on scrap and not say a word about exports of pig-iron and finished steel?

A fortnight ago, Secretary of State Cordell Hull started the scrap issue toward the junk-pile by telling the Senate and House Military Affairs Committees that a scrap embargo would be inadvisable at this time.

Last week, three of America's major scrap exporters indicated that to their minds at least the embargo fight was over, organized Scrap Export Associates of America to coordinate movements of scrap abroad.

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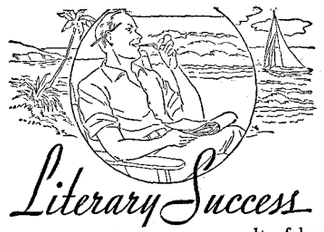

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BAWL STREET: Brokers Roast New Deal and Each Other in Annual Picnic Parody

"NEW COURT APPROVES FOURTH TERM, 41 TO 9."

Wall Street bankers, brokers and customers' men blinked last week at this headline, splashed above the logotype of *The Bawl Street Journal*, annual burlesque of the dignified *Wall Street Journal*.

Wall Street, particularly that section that deals in bonds, had little to laugh about last month. New offerings of bond issues had fallen below $100,000,000 during May—the worst record in two and one-half years. Trading in stocks and bonds had dribbled off also. (In three hours of trading one morning last week, one Curb Exchange specialist gleaned total commissions of $1.80.)

But in *The Bawl Street Journal*, published by the Bond Club in connection with its annual field-day, Wall Streeters found surcease from the cares of an inactive market and from the President's fulminations against tax-dodgers. While some 400 Bond Club members picnicked at Sleepy Hollow, New York, other Wall Streeters paid fifty cents each for 15,000 copies of *The Bawl Street Journal*, edited by John A. Straley, advertising man.

"THE WEATHER," announced *The Bawl Street Journal*, will be: "Wet, followed by Hangover." The head-line for the lead story proclaimed:

"Exchange Members in Sit-Down Strike for Regulation." "The opening gong of the New York Stock Exchange yesterday was the signal," the article revealed, "for 1,375 members, including floor-brokers and specialists, to sit down and strike because the Securities and Exchange Commission is neither providing enough regulation nor supplying enough Federal men to enforce the restrictions on trading. With C.I.O. precision each member whipped out a camp-stool from behind his white carnation and sat down."

Gibes—Later, *The Bawl Street Journal* related, "brokers paraded with banners demanding: 'WE WANT MORE REGULATION AND PROTECTION,' and 'LANDIS IN BASEBALL, WHY NOT IN STOCKS?'"

Other page-one news concerned the recommendation that "Hot Money" be used to thaw out frozen bank-assets.

"Senator Ashurst," jested the parody, "trusted *confidant* of the President, introduced a bill into the Senate providing for the deposit of 'hot money' in banks which are still closed, because 'this hot money will help thaw out frozen assets.' At a press conference Senator Ashurst had a dim recollection of having heard that the Treasury and other officials were worried about 'hot money.' In his native Carolina hills, the Senator is regarded as a financial wizard. Most Washington observers state his financial acumen is equaled only by that of Secretary Morgenthau."

The Bawl Street Journal warmed up to the task of ribbing the New Deal. In a dispatch from Washington, the paper related, "Graduation exercises of the Electoral College of the United States were held to-day, with Dean James A. Farley delivering the principal address: 'Maine and Vermont in 1940.' The graduating class held its annual preference elections, voted as its favorite newspaper, *The Daily Worker* (New York Communist daily);

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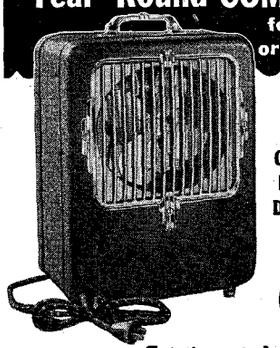

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its favorite radio performer, Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

Other Washington dispatches declared that "Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins announced to-day that a national survey, just completed, shows six per cent. less persons are watching steam-shovels at work, 13 per cent. less are stopping to gaze at safes being lifted to upper stories."

Also from Washington came the dispatch revealing that "the electric-eye door-opener at 40 Wall Street was ordered halted by the SEC to-day on the ground that the device made it too easy for customers to make their way into various brokerage offices in the building." Similarly, brokerage houses at 40 Wall Street wanted the automatic door-opener removed because it permitted customers to "enter the building without taking their hands out of their pockets."

To inquiring investors, *Bawl Street Journal* Editors gave this counsel:

Question: I have some Hiram Walker, some America Ice, some Canada Dry and a little Hazel Atlas Glass. What shall I do?

Answer: Make yourself a highball.

Question: I'm a-lookin' for a good stock and have been a-readin' a lot about SEC. What is it a-payin'?

Answer: It's a-payin' in the neck.

Question: I am a professional pugilist and have been forced to retire from the ring because of a glass jaw. Do you recommend any particular investment?

Answer: If you are not able to take it on the chin, stay out of the market.

Under the "What's News Column," the editors set down an optimistic item: "Vincent's Barber Shop reports that the average *Bawl Street* man is now having his hair cut weekly instead of monthly."

Kidded—The burlesque edition did not spare faithful advertisers. Bogus ads were prepared with comic results: Lord, Abbett and Co. (investment dealers) were depicted as advertising:

"AMERICAN BUSINESS SHARES"
(too much with Govt.)

A joke ad for F. S. Smithers and Co. said it had given eighty years' "continuous service to our clients," and commented, "You can fool some of the people all of the time."

Hanan (shoes) in another burlesque ad. asked readers to "count the heels in Wall Street. They're not all from Hanan." Anaconda Copper declared: "We mine our own business." Young and Ottley, Inc. (investment counselors) described themselves as "investment consolers." Schanz (tailors) asked clients to "see our sheer seersuckers, suckers."

For Maj. L. L. B. Angas, financial prophet who wrote the "Coming Slump in Bonds" (see LITERARY DIGEST, May 1) and then counseled clients to "be bold, borrow and buy" several weeks before stocks tumbled, *The Bawl Street Journal* reserved a special advertisement barb:

THE COMING BOMB IN BONDS
by
L. L. B. Anguish.

The Bawl Street Journal indicated that Wall Streeters could laugh at themselves also. Under the heading, Municipal Bond News, a sardonic editor wrote of Barr Brothers and Co. (dealers in municipal bonds):

"Barr Brothers, who combine in their lofty aerie atop 40 Wall Street an ichthyological museum, astronomical observatory, art gallery and oasis, entertained a number of close friends at the unveiling of their first piscatorial triumph. This proved to be the carcass of their first customer, beautifully stuffed and mounted on a mahogany plaque."

JOB SWAP: Teagle and Farish Trade Posts in Standard Oil of New Jersey

To a remark that Walter Clark Teagle was "an able man," the late John D. Rockefeller several years ago replied, "Who? Walter? Yes, Walter's coming along all right." Walter then was President of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, No. 1 oil producer and distributor in America.

Last week, Teagle, a grandson of Morris B Clark, original Rockefeller partner, announced he was swapping places with William Stamps Farish, fifty-six-year-old Jersey Standard Chairman of the Board. Farish will assume Teagle's duties as chief executive. Tho relatively young (fifty-nine) to retire from the firing-line, Teagle said he would devote his time to "special work," but failed to specify what it would be.

Teagle is a strapping 200-pounder, six feet tall, with a rough complexion, booming voice and the gait of a sea-captain. When not talking about dogs, his chief hobby, he speaks of oil, taking his well-bitten amber cigar-holder out of his mouth and waving it aloft to emphasize a point.

Oil Man—All his life has been spent in oil. His father was a partner in the prosperous oil company of Scofield, Shurmer and Teagle. For his B. S. degree from Cornell, young Teagle wrote a scholarly thesis on oil.

From the classroom, Teagle stepped into overalls in 1900, shoveled coal and drove tank-wagons in his father's oil-refining plant. Three years later, Rockefeller placed him in the export division of Standard Oil, where he traveled to the four corners of the earth selling oil.

In 1917, six years after dissolution of the original Standard Oil combine, Rockefeller made Teagle President of Standard Oil of New Jersey, largest slice of the Rockefeller pie. Then, the company produced but two per cent. (9,658,000 barrels) of the world's oil output; to-day, it produces 11.5 per cent. (206,356,000 barrels).

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Walter C. Teagle loosened his hold on Standard Oil reins . . . gave up his Presidency

Like Teagle, William S. Farish long has been an outstanding figure in oil. For many years he participated in the oil-conservation movement, at one time heading the American Petroleum Institute, spokesman for the industry. Starting thirty-six years ago in Texas, he helped form, in 1917, the Humble Oil Company, of which he rose to be President. In 1933 he came over to Jersey Standard as Board Chairman. Since then he has dually managed the company with Teagle.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

America now owns a mountainous $12,000,000,000 of gold.

Any one who can show *Uncle Sam* how to dissuade the world from shipping him any more gold and piling this mountain higher can become a national hero. Already the inflow has inflated America's credit structure, has forced the Treasury to spend $750,000,000 of much-needed cash to "sterilize" incoming gold and prevent greater ballooning of credit. As a result, rumors have persisted that America must lower the $35-an-ounce price.

Last week, in London, such rumors flew thick and fast, causing hoarders to empty strong-boxes, dumping the yellow metal on the open market. This pushed the London gold price down to $34.9042. Brokers could buy gold at this price in London, sell it for $35 (less a service charge) in New York and realize a rough 10 per cent. return *(per annum)* on their investment.

Few brokers jumped at this chance, however, for fear the price might change while the gold was on the high seas. Anxious queries to Washington elicited the circumspect reply, "no gold-price change is imminent," increasing gold shippers' jitters.

* * *

New England's largest railroad, the New York, New Haven and Hartford (2,060 miles of main lines), in reorganization since late 1935, asked a Federal Court and the Interstate Commerce Commission last week to approve a plan permitting the carrier to regain its corporate health. During the depression, the New Haven suffered the usual ailment of corporations burdened with large fixed debt: stationary obligations and receding revenues. Income dropped from $142,000,000 in 1929 to a $71,000,000 depression low. The plan to reorganize the New Haven contemplates a 50 per cent. slash in interest charges and a purge of numerous leases and guaranties to smaller roads, whose rails the New Haven uses.

* * *

As a Wall Street runner sixty-seven years ago, John A. Hance, then fifteen, dreamed some day of owning a New York Stock Exchange seat. Hance, now eighty-two and senior partner of Jessup & Lamont, brokers, last week realized his boyhood ambition. To reporters, Hance revealed friends had sought to dissuade him from the purchase because he was too old. "But, I'll show 'em," Hance declared. He talked optimistically of the securities business, advised newsmen to invest in government and New York City bonds, expected *Uncle Sam* to balance his budget in a few years.

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Mail

(Continued from page 2)

person would conclude that Angas had to his credit an unbroken string of successes, whereas he made the colossal blunder, prior to the recent market collapse, of advising buying stocks for a boom. His actual words, in an advertisement published over his signature, were "Be Bold and Buy."

What followed is sad history for those who took his advice. First came the crash in London, the liquidation by foreign holders of American stocks. . . . Major Angas was either ignorant of this position of weakness or chose to ignore it. Now, he is the laughing-stock of Wall Street. New York City.

The financial writer of THE LITERARY DIGEST wrote his article ten days before London liquidation of stocks forced the sharp crack in American securities (see LITERARY DIGEST May 8). He did not prophesy that Major Angas's prophecies would continue to be accurate.—*Editor.*

Share the Work

By GEORGE ROLLAND—

To find employment for 12,000,000 people in America who have been out of work for the past five or six years seems to be a problem that even the master minds of America are unable to solve.

The problem of unemployment, which makes the life of American people so desperate and insecure, can be solved. It can be accomplished by the united efforts of Congress and citizens to practise a plan for sharing all work.

Most people do not live to work; they work to live. To distribute work and to distribute wages paid out for such work among all people equally and according to the necessity of each individual means to eradicate unemployment and all forms of economic depression.

Many business establishments in New York City are using the plan of sharing the work and are giving society a "break," but they do so with such secrecy and such a lack of unity that the shadow of depression is resting upon that nation which once was the most prosperous in the world.

The ultimate success of this share-the-work plan depends on the united support of employers in all industries to employ all people who apply and are qualified for work, making such a result possible by reducing the working hours and the wages of all those employees who are working and earning more than they need to spend immediately on a comfortable living.

Prosperity of the manufacturer depends on the prosperity of the retailer; the prosperity of the retailer depends on the prosperity of the average citizen, on his opportunity to earn and his confident spending. This confidence can be restored only by the assurance of earnings in the future.

Long Island City, New York.

Customs Officers

By EVART ROUTZAHN—

Robert Bond, in the Mail of May 15, mentions the "surly, supercilious and ill-bred public servants we meet on our docks coming home."

That may be true in California ports, but my own experiences in the East have been quite in contrast. The customs officers I have dealt with have been uniformly courteous and considerate. New York City.

"YOU APOLOGIZE!"

—Elderman in Wilmington News

"AT THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS BOARDING-HOUSE"

—Orr in Glasgow Record

Liquor

By GRACE CLIFFORD HOWARD, The Scientific Temperance Federation—

In your issue of May 15, you made a very interesting news-story about legal and illegal aspects of the liquor problem. While laws regulating the sale of liquor may change throughout the decades, while people's opinions about those laws may be widely divergent, the physical laws that regulate what liquor does to the individual seem to go on consistently.

We have a record of what alcoholic drink did to a certain man named Noah a great many years B.C. The same amount of the same alcoholic drink will produce similar effects to-day.

While individuals react differently to liquor, depending on temperament and habituation, we know reasonably well the result a given amount of imbibed alcohol will produce. No one's opinion is necessary to decide the effects of alcohol on the drinker; we can see these effects definitely demonstrated.

We know that when alcohol reaches a very definite concentration in the blood death results. To be sure, this seldom happens; alcohol infrequently reaches a lethal concentration. But it *may* happen and death *does* occur as the result of acute intoxication.

All of which brings us to the conclusion often stated before: Laws regarding alcohol may be changed, but the effects of alcohol can not be changed. Boston.

By T. A. HAVRON—

In your "All Wet: Liquor Survey," May 15 issue, there is one phase of the drinking problem which is overlooked. That is the difference between the evil results of the licit that come to the surface and the illicit that do not come to the surface.

The former may have to its credit more public drunks, but the latter has more funerals. There need be no disguising the fact that illicit indulgence or dissipation is more sapping of moral resources and enervating to ideals than the open or licit.

If we rightly appraise the unseen foe, the seen might not be so serious. I am a prohibitionist, but I am convinced that State dispensaries are preferable to leaving the traffic to the illicit. Nashville, Tennessee.

Lynching Rebuttal

By N. V. ROMERO—

Mr. H. M. Wiley, in your May 8 number, can explain—not justify—Southern lynchings with the broad equivocation that the people—the white people—must take the law in their own hands because of poor enforcement agencies.

Mr. Wiley submits no brief for the divine right of self-beatification that lets the law-in-their-own-handers ignore crimes committed by "poor white trash" and "rednecks," crimes which poor enforcement agencies punish (or fail to punish) just as negligently.

Nor can Mr. Wiley deny that 90 per cent. of his law-in-their-own-handers are "poor white trash" and "rednecks," glass-house tenants out "to be sure that justice is done."

El Paso.

By C. E. BOULWARE—

Half the people in this country can not imagine how the other half thinks. A typical example is a letter in the May 8 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST by H. M. Wiley of Wheeler, Texas.

This man, giving his position as the "President of the County School Board," flatly tries to justify lynch-law by saying, in effect, that agencies of justice are unable to cope with the prevailing situation. Common people in those sections, eager that justice be meted out to the accused, without any pretense of a trial, simply snatch prisoners from the hands of the law and proceed to lynch them. The gentleman failed to make clear how the common people were able to execute justice when men trained in the law schools of this country were unable.

Mr. Wiley says that "no right-thinking person cares to go on record as defending outright our lynch-practises," yet he most unmistakably goes on record as condoning them. Could any one imagine this sentiment coming from the heart and pen of any human being of the present day? But, more than that, it comes from the President of the County School Board—a man of all men who should be most favorably disposed to a rational and sane means of the administration of justice to all citizens alike.

While lynch-law is not the only evil which must be stamped out of our American practises, yet there is no evil which accentuates to a fuller extent the need of Federal laws protecting the citizens of this country in whatever walk of life they may be found.

Concord, North Carolina.

Penalizing the Fakers

By J. FRIEDENBERG, custom-house broker—

As you stated in your article, "Antique Racket; Fakes Outnumber Genuine Pieces. Treasury Loses Money" (issue of May 15), legislation in Washington is under way to assess duties on all antiques. As you probably know, such legislation has been canceled by the efforts of the Interior Decorators' Art League, protests received from museums, private collectors and dealers throughout the country.

Your article, if read by one not familiar with the subject, might lead him to believe that tremendous frauds were being perpetrated on the U. S. Customs. . . . It is quite true that there have been attempts made to pass fake antiques. The great percentage, however, is caught during customs examination. And the Federal Government has the cure. Besides the regular duty for articles which are not antiques, the Government slaps on a 25 per cent. penalty. New York City.

WPA Schools

By GLADYS P. WALKER—

I read with interest your "Education" article in THE DIGEST of May 29. In this article you describe the commendable achievements of the WPA adult-education projects. The story states that a fireman in Birmingham, for example, was able to learn about hydraulics much more rapidly when a WPA instructor simplified the instruction-manual. Obviously this work was of value to the community because it made the firemen much more efficient.

Yet, elsewhere in your magazine, is a reference to people who think that WPA funds should be cut. Isn't that unwise? This country needs more schools and the WPA seems to be the way for poor communities and States to increase their education facilities. It seems to me that we need *more* WPA adult-education courses so that people may have a chance to study and learn useful and cultural subjects. Sea Cliff, New York.

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The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Terminology.—"What does the bride think when she walks into the church?"

"Aisle, Altar, Hymn."—*U. S. Coast Guard Foretop.*

Stuck.—"What is that deaf-and-dumb carpenter so frantic about?"

"He just hit his thumb with a hammer and he can't find his pad and pencil."—*U. S. S. Mississippi Pirate.*

Adequate Answer.—TEACHER: "And you, Willie, can you tell the nationality of Napoleon?"

WILLIE: "Course I can."

TEACHER: "That's right."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Time for Action.—"I am grateful to you for the confidence you have reposed in me," orated the winning candidate.

"All right," said a voice in the rear, "but don't do any more reposing. Get busy."—*Portland (Me.) Evening Express.*

Flour of Youth.—We've heard that college-bred means a four-year loaf made with dad's dough. Some crust, eh?—*Boys' Life.*

Easily Excused.—Willie's little sister came to the schoolroom door and handed the following note in to the teacher:

"Teacher, please excuse Willie—he caught a skunk."—*The Messenger.*

Polite.—A New York traffic-expert says that the London drivers and chauffeurs enliven many occasions by their wit and sarcasm. One London driver drew up when he saw a pedestrian directly in his way, leaned over and very politely inquired:

"I say, sir, may I ask what are your plans?"—*New York Daily News.*

O. K. Here.—TARGET INSTRUCTOR: "Where the dickens are your shots going?"

SEAMAN: "I don't know, but they're leaving this end all right."—*Pensacola Air Station News.*

Pen-Point?—LITERARY MAN (at the ball): "Are you familiar with John Masefield?"

LOWBROW FLAPPER: "What d'you mean? I'm never familiar with any one."—*Yale University Record.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Daveler—copper executive—*a* as in *Dave: da've-ler.*

Dounce—on *Liberty's* staff—rimes with *bounce.*

Earhart—dauntless aviatrix—*ear* as in *bear;* or, *air'hart.*

Fortescue—writer—three syllables: *for-tes-cue'.*

Isham—architect—as if spelled *eye'-sham.*

Skewes—Mississippi publisher—two syllables: *skew'eez.*

Vaughan—aeronautical executive—rimes with *dawn.*

Efficiency.—A retailer, on receiving the first delivery of a large order, was annoyed to find the goods not up to sample. "Cancel my order immediately," he wired to the manufacturers.

They replied: "Regret can not cancel immediately. You must take your turn."—*Calendar.*

Times Change.—OLD LADY (as husband fails to help her up the steps of railroad-coach): "Henry, you ain't as gallant as when I was a gal."

HUSBAND: "No, Lettie, and you ain't as buoyant as when I was a boy."—*Veteran.*

Gnutritious!—The African explorer had seen many gnus during the day. In the evening his native cook served him a delicious steak.

"This is one of the finest steaks I've ever eaten," he explained to his guide. "Is it gnu?"

"No," said the guide. "But it's just as good as gnu."—*Boys' Life.*

Just Curious.—The village fire-engine was careening toward a small hamlet. Suddenly a hefty housewife left a group of her cronies and, dashing into the middle of the road, waved her arms frantically in front of the oncoming engine. The driver pulled up with a jerk.

"Where's the fire?" he shouted.

"Well, that takes the cake," retorted the woman. "That's what we all want to know."—*Two Bells.*

Slips That Pass in Type

James Baker of Halifax recalls when he shoed twenty-five horses and three yolk of oxen daily.—*Boston paper.*

Forged with the white of an egg?

Jimmie Mattern, famous round-the-world flier, and his bridge of a few days stopped briefly at the Wichita apirport.—*Wichita paper.*

Most fliers prefer a magic carpet.

Fans—1 ceiling, 1 osculating, cheap. Four gals orange juice stand.—*Visalia (Calif.) paper.*

Pretty soon these electric fans will take to kissing movie stars.

Infected food is favored by Governor.—*Pensacola (Fla.) paper.*

Guess that "one man's meat" business still goes.

Mr. and Mrs. ——— of ——— are the parents of a son born at Vassar hospital yesterday, believed for centuries to be an insect.—*Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) paper.*

Such language!

Bronze Turkeys, seven hens laying, two toms, not laying. Or trade for what have you. Even pigs.—*Eugene (Ore.) paper.*

First, just how many eggs can we expect from those toms when they are laying?

Congressional clamor for the appointment of majority leader Joseph T. Robinson to fill the Van Devanter vacancy grew by leaps and bombs in the Senate.—*New York paper.*

That accounts for the explosions we've been hearing.

South Plank Road is home from New Paltz for the spring vacation.—*Newburgh (N. Y.) paper.*

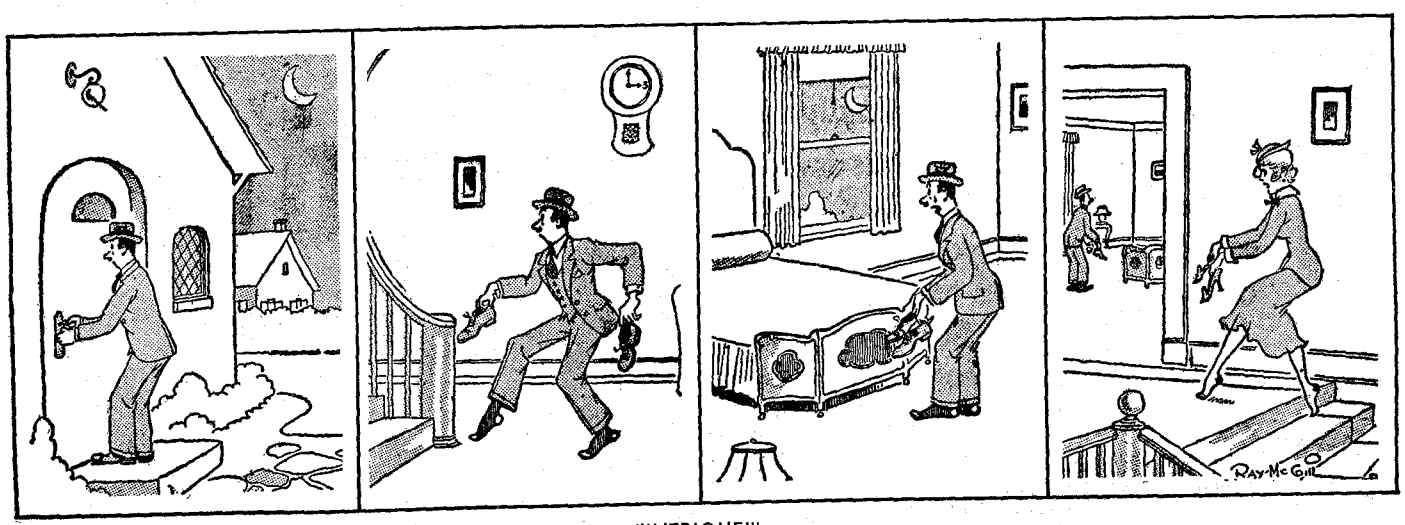
Keep up that pace and you'll have a case of soft shoulders in no time.

Mr. and Mrs. M—— R—— of Denver announce the birth of a small 7-year-old child, who didn't give his name.—*Rifle (Colo.) paper.*

He probably uses an alias.

PRESBYTERIANS EAT
AND ELECT ELDERS;
ABOUT 60 PRESENT
—*Leesburg (Fla.) paper.*

And a tasty morsel they must have been.



"INTRIGUE!"

—By Ray McGill, Courtesy New York American

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